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The Northwest



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With the Northern Cheyennes.
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Three Phases of Life.
Placer Mining with the Hydraulic Dredge.



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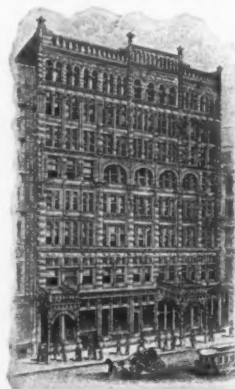
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WITH THE NORTHERN CHEYENNES.

BY LIEUT. HERMAN HALL, U. S. A.

The Reservation of the Northern Cheyennes, at Lame Deer, Montana, is one of the wildest and most remote of the perfunctory homes given by the Government to the Indians. It is sixty miles from the nearest railroad—a mountain fastness which, considered aesthetically, is of great value, but practically useless for the sustenance of thirteen hundred or more hungry souls. At the Agency is a small post, built and garrisoned by the Twenty-Second Infantry, which proves itself a wholesome restraint and constant reminder of the powers that be. To keep the Indians more contented within their narrow limits, they are sometimes allowed fete days on which they

race their ponies to their hearts' content, feast to the fullness of their capacity, and dance. The soldiers, cowboys and ranchmen for miles around join in the sport on these festive occasions, and the motley assembly makes a most picturesque adjunct to the wild, mountain scenery;—the Indians in their bright-colored blankets and bead-work, the soldiers in uniform, the cowboys in sombreros and buckskins.

The track where the races are run is watched over by the sacred Sun-Pole, a tall sapling with a crotch, high up, in which rests an eagle's nest and, on its top, a buffalo head. The course is long, straight, uphill and uneven, with a square turn at the end. Twenty-five or thirty horses enter each race. The Indians ride bareback on scrubby-looking little ponies, which seem to have a world of endurance and pluck. Those who ride and those who watch keep up a peculiar yell, which is not unmusical. They frequently

race all day, wearing out one horse and taking another. The Indian trader, who has been many years with the Northern Cheyennes, often donates a feast—by no means the least important part of the day's celebration—to the Indians.

But the most characteristic and fascinating of all Indian customs, is their dancing. To one who has never seen an Indian dance, it is difficult to convey a correct idea of what it is. It is not the pleasure of motion or of music that gives it inspiration. Its spirit is public and almost always religious or warlike. The scalp-dance, buffalo-dance, death-dance, war-dance and chief-dance, are all explained by their titles. They are special dances for special occasions, as their names signify. The celebration of the sun-dance, that most savage of Indian rites, is no longer permitted by the agents. The Cheyennes have a medicine-dance, peculiarly their own, in which part of the tribe represent animals grazing, while the rest represent hunters who chase and bring down the make-believe game. Upon one occasion the people of the agency were



CHEYENNE GIRL.



CHEYENNE IN WAR COSTUME.



CHEYENNE BRAVE.

somewhat concerned to see the Indians riding wildly around in a circle on one of the near buttes. There was an incessant discharge of firearms and the affair certainly looked formidable. It was, however, only a celebration of the horse-dance, which occurs once in two years.

An old Mission chapel, too large for the spiritual needs of the flock, has been utilized by the Indians for a dance-hall. It is polygonal in form, with an opening to the sky, and a single door. They kindle a blazing fire in the center, bedeck themselves with war-paint, which, in these degenerate days, consists of diamond dyes; don their war-bonnets, tall-feathers and ornaments of all descriptions, and take particular care that a small mirror is ready to hand. Crouched around the walls of this log Pantheon, the dancers make pictures from the Inferno. The weird light of the flickering flames reflected on their dark and sinuous bodies and savage, painted faces, the beat of the "tom-tom" in eerie, doleful measure, and the musicians chant, all combine to make a picture that is fascinating and awesome. It affords an insight into Indian character that nothing else can give. The Omaha, or gift-dance, is oftenest celebrated, owing to its pacific spirit and the inordinate love of the Indians for presents. In this dance two, and sometimes three, lines are formed and the dancers move forward, pass each other and turn and repass, but without any seeming regularity. They sit in a circle, rise, and dance at intervals.

Such incidents as the following occur frequently: During an interval of the dancing a young brave arose from his seat, with eyes cast down. His mother approached him and gave him a stick. She then led to his side an old chief, who addressed the assembly. Everyone looked pleased except the knight of the doleful countenance. Then, from among the squaws, one came to his side and rubbed his face softly with her hands. The young man, who had lost a brother, sat down with bowed head. His mother had given him the stick—which was a signal for him to make a gift out of respect for his grief. The old chief had announced to the tribe that a horse was to be given to a certain squaw by the mourning youth, and the laying on of the maiden's hands had meant—"Thank you."

Some of the dancers are fearfully and wonderfully gotten up. The decorative devices are as numerous as the braves. One paints half his body lavender, the other half, green; another has one crimson cheek and one yellow, with a forehead of blue; another has a polka-dot body and a striped face. Porcupine quills, teeth of animals, feathers and horns, otter and beaver-skins, bracelets and chains, fish and fowl, beasts and growing things—all nature, in fact, is called upon to furnish adornment.

The Indians are given their rations of beef fortnightly. Certain ones are selected as butchers; they shoot and cut up the cattle, for which they are allowed hearts, lungs and livers as perquisites. The slaughtering pen is thick with blood. Here, early in the morning, are congregated all the squaws, young children and babes in arms. They come in bright array as to a county fair, and visit and gossip with their neighbors. Each man, woman and child is allowed one and one-half pounds of beef daily. The allotted portion is given on presentation of a ticket and is thrown out in the slaughtering yard, the dirt and filth of which is almost inconceivable. The squaws carry the meat to the little creek and wash it until the stream literally "runs red with blood;" then they begin to cut it up, eating the entrails and stomach-lining raw and warm and feeding the children choice bits—the three-months-old babies, their little hands and faces besmeared with blood, contentedly sucking the tenderloin. The scene is revolting in the extreme. Viewed in the light of Indian

custom and savage nature, it is comprehensible; but as the best means of issuing meat to a savage people whom the Government is trying to civilize, it seems incredible that such a scene is enacted twice a month—the moral effect of which must be of the most debasing kind. It cannot fail to keep alive the blood-thirsty passions that are dominant in the savage breast.

It is difficult for a white man to learn anything about the private life of the Indians. They are always either distrustful of him or utterly indifferent and do not care to enlighten him. Judged from the outside, the family life among the Cheyennes is a happy one. The parents seem to love their children; they caress them and deck them out in all sorts of fantastic adornment, the little garments showing both skill and labor. When the children are ill, their devotion is remarkable. The squaws, who are quite comely when young, soon lose their roundness and become worn and haggard with hard work. The old women are dreadful-looking hags, wrinkled in furrows and having snaky, iron-gray hair. The oldest woman in the tribe is ninety-nine. Poor old creatures, they receive little attention after they have outlived their usefulness. Care has to be taken by the agent that they receive their allotted rations. Although she does all the hard work and is a drudge, the squaw seems to occupy an important position in the family. She keeps the money, in most instances receives the issue of provisions, incites to war, and her voice is listened to in council. The age of marriage is very young among the Cheyennes, about fifteen years for both man and woman. The expression for marriage in the Cheyenne tongue is stealing a woman. After the suitor has been accepted there is little ceremony. The groom pays a few ponies for his bride, her family furnish a wedding feast, and the young people are man and wife. While courting, the young bucks throw a blanket around themselves, covering the head and leaving only one eye exposed. In this guise they are unrecognizable. They follow the young girls about their domestic tasks and, when they find them alone, make love to them. This custom seems to have been established to cover the bashfulness of the young buck and to save him from the ridicule of his fellows and the girl who scorns his advances. Twelve horses were offered for the belle of the tribe, the daughter of American Horse—a most generous offer, as the usual price paid is from one to six ponies, and the entire wealth of American Horse, who is the richest man in the tribe, consists of only twenty-three horses. The maiden is still unmarried, probably being held for a higher price.

To many, the "Medicine Man" is still an oracle. He strengthens his faith-cure by giving all sorts of healing herbs. He goes into his tepee, builds a roaring fire, heats stones and pours on them a quantity of water, causing a great volume of vapor to be emitted; the tepee shakes, the manitous descend—sometimes even their voices are heard—and the medicine is made. Many of the Indians trust entirely in the Agency doctor and some believe in both white man's and red man's medicine. On the side of a small butte overlooking the valley is the Cheyenne Medicine Rock. It is a peculiar, black rock, plainly of volcanic origin and twisted and gnarled, showing that it hardened from a viscid state. Surrounding it are pieces of old cloth, shells, trinkets and charms, all offerings to the god of medicine.

There is some idea of art among the Cheyennes—barbaric in the main, but dramatic. There is absence of detail and but one idea. Some of their favorite subjects are the Custer massacre, the buffalo hunt, and historic Cheyenne battles. The paintings are done on buckskin or white cloth, the natural color serving as a background. There is no perspective; horses

and men are slapped on the canvas like postage stamps, yet the picture always conveys its meaning. When it is desired to portray motion or movement from one place to another, foot-prints are marked along the route. One man often stands for numbers.

There are four great chiefs among the Cheyennes, and several lesser chiefs. White Bull, one of the great chiefs, is considered the most sagacious man in the tribe. He led General Miles up the Lame Deer Valley in 1877, where the Sioux under Lame Deer were in hiding. The troops descended the village from behind a high butte overlooking the present post and Agency. General Miles and his command charged up the valley for a distance of four miles, and took the village by surprise. The Indians all fled to the hills. Lame Deer remained behind to don his war-paint, and emerged from his tepee just as the troops entered the village. He signified a desire to parley; then, fearing treachery, he shot at General Miles, barely missing him and killing his orderly. White Bull, seeing the danger, shot and killed Lame Deer at the same moment. On all occasions the old chief loves to recount this story to his tribe.

The word "Cheyenne" is popularly supposed to have come from the French *chien*. The Cheyenne language resembles that of none of the surrounding tribes. It is more musical and liquid. They call themselves "Sasisetas." While their language is poor in pronouns and qualifying words, the verb is inflected to an alarming degree. A Jesuit priest who labors among them, claims to have found over three hundred and fifty forms of the verb "to see," in the indicative mode alone. The men of the Cheyennes hold the first rank for bravery and fighting qualities. In the early part of the century they drove the Crows, Kiowas and Apaches from the Tongue and Powder River Country. They are honest in that they always pay their debts. The Indian trader has credited them to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars and has never lost by them. Yet they steal cattle from the ranchers, if they have an opportunity, and lie as often as they tell the truth. The women of the tribe are famed for their modesty and virtue. Taking them all in all, they are creditable specimens of the Indian race and have retained more of their pristine ruggedness and strength than many tribes; yet they respond less quickly than their native wilds to the mighty march of progress. They are held in check only by force, and seem to have in their make-up an insurmountable barrier to civilization.

A NOTED WESTERN STORY-TELLER.

As a writer of Western sketches and stories, all of which she illustrates herself in the cleverest manner, Mrs. Frances H. Scott, of Port Townsend, Washington, is becoming a well-known and favorite contributor to various periodicals. Mrs. Scott is a woman of great strength of character, and is possessed of a delicate humor and a brilliant and refined imagination, which characterize all her work and give a charm to her conversation. She has seen more of the Northwest Pacific Coast, especially of that vast inland sea called Puget Sound, than any other woman, and her ready pen is at best when describing actual experiences which have come to her during a ten years' residence at the United States port of entry, where her husband, Judge J. N. Scott, was for a long time connected with the customs department.

Mrs. Scott was born in Indiana, where she lived until her removal to Port Townsend. After completing her education she began the study of the kindergarten method; and it was here that the inherent love of story-telling, which, as a child, had been a great comfort and solace to

her, began to find a practical use. Speaking upon this subject, she says:

"I used to waken very early, and, fixing my eyes on the rafters of my father's farm-house, spend hours in an imaginary world peopled by my own fancy, and living a life far more real than that which came with the day and its duties."

At that day the world was not so well supplied with suitable kindergarten literature as it is now, and the charming little tales, with their practical lessons, were in great demand among the teachers—many of them, indeed, having now passed into the regular kindergarten work, to be retold each year to the wee people who are happy enough to begin their school-life in this, the only right and natural manner.

While in Indianapolis she married Judge Scott, a brother of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, and became mistress of a beautiful home which, architecturally and otherwise, was designed largely by herself. She was awarded various prizes offered by art journals for original designs for china painting and for a model country residence, the design which took the last named prize being that on which her own home was modeled. She also has written prize stories for the *Youths' Companion*, and a very clever story of "Chinese Smuggling on the Sound"—which appeared in Frank Leslie's, attracted much attention.

Last year she was invited by Captain D. F. Tozler, in command of the United States revenue cutter "Grant," to accompany Mrs. Tozler on the "Grant" from New York to Puget Sound, and thus she was given an opportunity, long desired, of an extended South American cruise, an opportunity which she improved to the utmost, not only visiting every possible point of interest and filling many note books with valuable information, but also making an extensive collection of

curios, sketches, costumes and relics, said to be the largest private collection of the kind in the United States. Her lectures upon the trip, which occupied four months, are most entertaining and instructive and she has many requests to deliver them in the various portions of the Northwest, but, so far, has not been prevailed upon to venture far from home, liking best the retirement of her "den," where she can write with the blue waters of the Sound spread out before her and the jagged battlements of the Olympic Mountains constantly tempting her pencil and inspiring to every lofty effort.

It was my privilege, recently, to visit her in her home and to enjoy with her the delights of a cruise on the "Grant" among the islands of Puget Sound, and the experience was one never to be forgotten.

Although fond of society, Mrs. Scott is too broad to be bound by the narrow conventionalities of life, and there is an originality and freedom in the very atmosphere of her refined and dainty home that puts the stranger at his ease and is an indication of the open-handed, cordial hospitality to be extended to him.

BERNICE E. NEWELL.

A GEOLOGICAL MYSTERY.—The Montezano (Wash.) *Economist* was recently shown an ash log which was found embedded in the earth at a depth of eleven feet, under a cake of gravel, which is impervious to water. One end of the log showed unmistakable signs of having been sawed off, and the editor asks, "how did the log get imbedded in a cake of gravel, eleven feet under the ground? It must have been many centuries ago," he says, "and at a time when there were no white men anywhere on this Coast." It was in a good state of preservation. The log and its position is a profound mystery that will prove of interest to students of geology.

"WESTWARD, HO!"

"Tis bound up in the heart of man,
That longing for the West;
'Tis there we view the larger plan,
And find in action, rest:
Where, when the shades, too often ours,
On Reason's palace fall,
We see above the cloud that lowers
The peaks of Perseval.

And not too wide the broader scopes
That elsewhere would be vain;
A largess greater than his hopes
May be the seeker's gain.
Or, if by Ruin's sweeping hand
Is scattered all his toil,
He sinks, not in a yielding sand
But stands on sturdy soil.

O tonic air! O vague and dim,
Far distances that beckon on!
A siren spell is over him
That ventureth thy horizon.
I tire of going to and fro,
Far from the land I love the best:
The siren voice sings, "Westward, ho!"—
Ho, for the free life in the West!

L. A. OSBORNE.

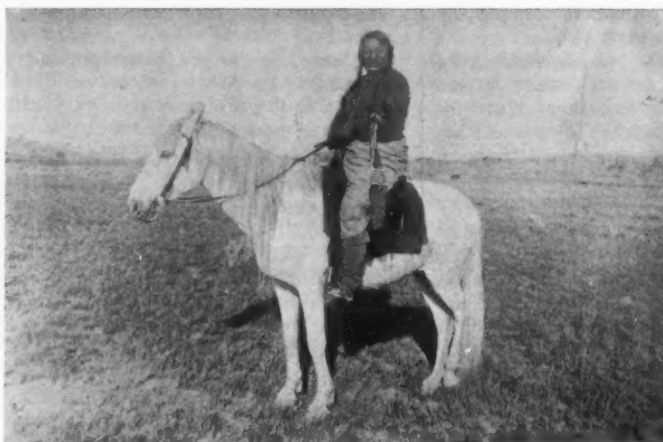
Ft. Smith, Ark.

APOSTROPHE TO GENIUS.

Bold artist of the facile pen,
Whose fertile fancy every glen
And lonesome dell of Scotland's height
Hath peopled with romantic knight,
No secret cave or forest glade
But yields thee form of lovely maid!
In every field of rhyme and song
That charms the ear of public throng,—
Romance and ditty, sonnet, lay,
Tradition, fancy, fairy, fay,—
Great juggler of the jingling rhyme
I doff my bonnet to your chime!—
And would as humbly doff my hat,
If you had deigned to call it that.
In "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth,"
"Midlothian," "Fair Maid of Perth,"—
Thy wizard touch, who knows it not?—
Magician, poet—Walter Scott!

Lillian, Neb.

HOWARD GWINN.



WITH THE NORTHERN CHEYENNES.

1. White Bull, a Cheyenne chief. 2. The Omaha, or gift-dance. 3. A Cheyenne group. 4. A Cheyenne travois.



A Linguistic Aid.

"It is said," remarks an exchange, "that Prof. Max Muller can converse in eighteen different languages." Mr. Muller must have stepped on one of those slippery places on the sidewalk.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

Good Brand of Whisky.

A South Dakota editor says he has two subscribers who frequently get full, and every time they are in that condition they come in and pay a year in advance on subscription. One of them is already credited to 1941, and the fraternity throughout the State are crazy to find out what brand of whisky he drinks. They want to offer it as a premium.—*Hope (Idaho) Examiner*.

The Moon Family.

A California man named Moon was presented with a daughter by his wife. That was a new moon. The old man was so overcome that he went off and got drunk. That was a full moon. And when he got sober he had but twenty-five cents left. That was the last quarter. But when the old lady met him with a rolling-pin there was a total eclipse, with a comet in the distance.—*Canyon City (Or.) News*.

A Legitimate Conclusion.

A red dinner was recently given at a London hotel by two gamblers who had won 380,000 francs at one sitting, from the bank of Monte Carlo, by playing on the red. The room was draped in red, red shades were placed over the electric lights, geraniums decorated the tables and the waiters wore red ties, red shirts, red gloves and red buttons on their coats and vests. Here the description ends. It might have gone on to relate that they drank red liquor, from the effects of which they got red-headed; that they were red-eyed the next morning and that at night, after another session at the bank, neither of them had a red cent.—*Yellowstone (Mont) Journal*.

How He Lost Faith in Himself.

Col. Sam Gordon has lost faith in himself as a weather prophet, and thus acknowledges it in the *Yellowstone (Mont.) Journal*: "At this time the editor of this paper rises to remark that the prediction indulged in by him some time last summer to the effect that we were liable to have a hard winter, has thus far proved to be about as rotten and unreliable as the majority of such predictions usually are. We are not one of those bigoted fools who would rather be right than be President, particularly in this instance, and we take pleasure in calling attention to the fact that, thus far, our judgment on a weather prognostication isn't much better than Paul McCormick's on a bobtail flush."

Wasn't taking any Risks.

The laugh is on a Milo farmer. He prides himself on regularity in feeding his live-stock, especially his pig. The other day he was obliged to be away at the usual hour, so he told his wife to be careful and feed the pig just on the stroke of 12. This advice was repeated several times before he started, and, as he drove off, his parting admonition was, "Remember the pig." His business was in a neighboring town, and he had been

there but a short time when a telegram was handed to him. Fearing the worst he opened it and read: "Shall I feed the pig on local or standard time?" And the message was collect.—*Lewiston (Idaho) Journal*.

What the Husband Escaped.

A bear broke into the house of a Nevadaminer the other night. He was away, and his wife thought he had come home inebriated. She did not wait to light a lamp, but began operations at once. When the bear finally got away, says an unknown exchange, it is said that he did not stop running until he had traveled eight miles into the heart of the mountains, and he was such a sight that the other bears would not associate with him.

Reasons for Writing it "Christmas."

Ambrose Bierce, the cynical commentator of the *Frisco Examiner*, says: I note a fertile and shamefaced defense of the practice of writing "Christmas" with an X—a custom which I am reminded has "the sanction of general usage." I can only say, in rejoinder, that I am "of the same opinion still," and that the usage of all Xendom shall not convince me that it is a Xian practice. Nor do I believe that it is agreeable to our Lord and Saviour, Jesus X."

A Ripe Red Pudding.

Editor Pierce of the Grafton (N. D.) *Record* tells of a ripe red pudding that his wife made lately, which had in it everything but tomatoes: "It was," he says, "a fruit pudding, and, besides strawberries, there were raspberries, ginger-snaps, cauliflower and molasses candy in the main body of the pudding. It was shortened with dressed hickory nuts and was served in soup-plates, accompanied by five minute speeches. We all began to eat the pudding together and all left off at the same time. Besides what my wife had put in, the baby had added his celluloid ball. This may have been one of the reasons for the weird taste with which it was flavored. After the first rush was over no one seemed to care about unloading another spoonful of that ripe red pudding—not that day, and dinner was adjourned without reading the minutes."

Young America's Power of Repartee.

The next time Sergeant Willard and Detective Wells attempt to "josh" any little girls, they will wait until no one is around. The other day Chief Rogers, Detectives Phillips, Wells and Philbrick, Jailer Peer and Clerk Reed, were on the front porch of headquarters when a little girl, not more than sixteen years of age, stood on

the sidewalk below listening to the conversation. "Hello, little one, what are you 'rubber-necking' there for," said Willard.

"Yes," added Wells, "take the rubber out of your neck and go along."

With a look of scorn, mingled with one of amusement, the little one said, pointing first to Wells and then to Willard:

"If I had the rubber out of your neck and the wheels out of that fellow's head, I could make a bicycle and ride away."

With this quick retort the young miss walked away with a self-satisfied grin on her pretty face, amid peals of laughter from the chief and other listeners.—*Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer*.

Hastening the Funeral.

The following story comes from the West and is taken from the Pendleton (Or.) *East Oregonian*:

Mr. L., a good natured German, was the prosperous proprietor of a considerable clothing business in a country town. He had in his employ one John S., whom he advanced from cash-boy to head clerk and who had for many years been an attache of the store. Since his promotion John had several times asked for a raise in his salary, and each time his request had been granted. One morning John again appeared at the old merchant's desk with another request for an increase of \$10 per month. "Vy, Shon," said Mr. L., "I tinks I bays you pooty vell al-rety; vat for I bays you any more?"

"Well," replied John, confidently, "I am your principal help here; I have worked you up a large trade; I know every detail of the business, and, indeed, I don't think you could get along without me."

"Is dot so?" exclaimed the German. "Mein Got! Shon, vot would I do suppose you vas to die?"

"Well," John replied, hesitatingly, "I suppose you would have to get along without me, then."

The old man took several puffs at his pipe and said nothing. At last he remarked, gravely: "Vell, Shon, I guess you petter consider yourself dead."

It Was Funny, but Rough.

E. W. Blackwell met with a funny experience Tuesday afternoon. On the rear of his house is a window which is protected from the sun's rays by a lattice blind. This blind had been loose for some time, and Mrs. Blackwell had repeatedly told her husband to get it fixed. On Tuesday, E. W. thought he would attend to this little chore, so he came home and, shinning up the pump like a black cat on a moonlight night, larded on the roof of the addition and got a straddle of the



Aunt Liza—"You men never know nothin', anyhow! Why don't yer blow real hard inter it? That'll fetch her."

ridge-pole. All this was dead easy; but it must be borne in mind that the roof was very slippery and that, when Mr. Blackwell took a notion to get down, he realized that it could not be done without endangering his neck; so there he sat, like a Thanksgiving turkey that had roosted on the roof to escape extermination. After yelling until he was red in the face, he finally made his wife hear his cries and she and Miss Brown went upstairs and pulled him through a small window into the house. The result of the escapade is a smashed-up blind and one ear that is frozen solid, but Mr. Blackwell is clear grit and informs all his friends that he is "still in the ring."—*Coopers-town (N. D.) Courier*.

He Knew His Friend Well.

Editor Yerkes, of the Bozeman (Mont.) *Chronicle*, has for some time been touring it through-out the East and South and sending humorous descriptions of his trip and experiences to his home paper. It is evident that he is of a suspicious turn of mind, as witness the following from Kansas City, relative to a letter of introduction that was given him:

"I have with me a letter of introduction from Carl Stewart to a friend here. I intended to present it this evening, but found that it was sealed. Carl is a nice, cute young man, but he doesn't work any racket like that on me! I know just about how that letter reads. It probably says:

"The bearer of this letter is a fellow townsman and a neighbor of mine, who has been stealing my split wood all winter. How he got enough money to get to Kansas City the Lord only knows. He will probably strike you for a loan of \$5.00 on the strength of this letter. If you lend him a nickle you will never see it again. He is a dead-sure mark for the first confidence man he meets, and if you go out of doors with him you will see the greatest rubber-neck on earth. He will look at every high building in the city and read all the signs in sight. If he presents this letter tell him you never knew me."

"This is about the tenor of Stewart's letter, and after putting on considerable dog in this hotel, I am not going to take chances of having anyone get onto me."

The Cow Shook Him.

George Challis owns a tall, blonde cow—which he thinks considerably of. Not for her singing, nor yet for her physical beauty, but because, twice a day, with a little encouragement on George's part, she gives a large pailful of nice, white milk. During the summer months he would take the cow out to some green spot on the prairies, where she would pursue a grass-eating enterprise all by her-

self. George, thus leading his cow to and from business, became a familiar sight to the good people of Grafton; they even knew the rope, by which the cow became so attached to George as to induce her to follow him.

Besides grass, the cow liked water, and as the wells in his neighborhood were dryer than his cow, he would lead her down Hill Avenue to a public drinking-trough twice a day.

One morning he went out and picked up the cow's rope to pursue this course, but no cow came. The rope gently, but firmly, slipped off her horns, and she stayed at home and boxed a few rounds with some flies she knew, with her tail. But George, trailing the rope behind, walked down the middle of the street without looking backward and holding onto the rope as if it were guiding the Shriner's Lulu to the gates of Paradise.

Now and then he met a friend who hailed him with:

"Where are you going with that cow, George?"

George would rather look pleasant and return a smile than saw a cord of wood, so he told each one in turn that he was taking his cow to water. When he got to the watering-trough he led the rope ahead a few feet, so that the cow could drink and look happy, and then he turned around to watch her enjoy herself.

There are times when people want to be alone, but this was not one of them with George; he wanted that cow there.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record*.

A Personally-Conducted Joke.

I was traveling in the caboose of the local. It was a long division where the stations and trains are few and far between, and when we got to Skookum Junction the conductor got advice from the superintendent that a flat was derailed at Klahowyah.

"All clear for you. Pick up tool-car at Helosix and run wild to Klahowyah," ran the order.

Helosix was the next station. We picked up the tool-car below the station, coupling it on behind the caboose to save time. There were about ten prospective passengers waiting on the platform, but we ran by without stopping, leaving them standing there with grips and bundles in hand, madder than hornets. One or two chased the last car the length of the station, and, wondering what the conductor would do, I looked through the tool-car and saw him standing in the far end with his hands raised, pointing backward with his thumbs and laughing in a very exasperating way at his struggling victims. His peculiar actions did not impress me particularly until I had seen them repeated five times on as many batches of perspiring and indignant would-be travelers. By this time we had reached Klahowyah.

howyah and I got out and walked back to where I could see the end of the last car, and there, on either side of the door, I saw emblazoned,—

TOOL 8 TOOL 8

A Climax that Boded Ill.

A rare story has just come to light, and although the incidents are alleged to have happened some time ago, says the Marshfield (Wis.) *News*, the narrative is well worth publishing. Once upon a time Mr. I. P. Tiffault enjoyed an exceptionally good dinner at his home, and came down to the store at peace with all the world. As he entered the building he noticed a shrewd-eyed, pleasant-faced young man standing near the door, and at once spotted him for a traveling man. He greeted the stranger, shook hands, etc., and, in answer to an inquiry as to how he was feeling, replied:

"Excellent! Just had a fine dinner, an elegant dinner! I tell you my wife is a splendid cook. She does get up a meal just to suit me."

"Is that so?" said the stranger. "What did you have for dinner, might I inquire?"

"Oh, everything good!—roast turkey, oyster sauce, mashed potatoes, hot biscuits,—my wife does make elegant biscuits!—and then we finished up on good dessert and black coffee. It was fine, sir, fine!"

There was a quizzical smile on the stranger's face as Mr. Tiffault was called away for a moment, and then he quietly took his departure. On reaching the street he at once inquired his way to the Tiffault residence. When he reached the house he paused for a moment, but as the odor of roast turkey and *café au lait* greeted his nostrils he walked boldly up to the front door and rang the bell. Mrs. Tiffault answered the bell in person. The stranger walked in, greeted the lady effusively, and then remarked about as follows:

"I am somewhat at a disadvantage in being an entire stranger to you, Mrs. Tiffault, but your husband is a very dear friend and business acquaintance of mine. I just left him at the store, where he has been extolling the merits of your lovely cookery. When he found that I had not dined, nothing would do but for me to come right down and get dinner here; he was so anxious for me to partake of the repast you had prepared. He said that he was very busy, and that I must waive all apologies and come right to the house just as if he were here."

Well, anyone that knows how the average housewife likes to hear her cooking praised, can imagine the spread that the gentleman sat down to after all that soft talk. There was nothing in the house too good for him. When, at last, he drew a mingled sigh of satisfaction and weariness, the table looked as if a cyclone had visited it. On the pretext of having to take a long ride, the well-fed "friend" of Mr. Tiffault filled his pockets with apples and oranges and reached for his hat. As he passed into the hall Mrs. Tiffault inquired:

"Did I understand you to say you were a commercial traveler?"

"Oh, no, madam; I am not a commercial traveler."

By this time the front steps were reached.

"What is your business, then?"

"Madam," replied the friend of her husband, "I am a professional tramp—a weary Willie, and I bid you a very reluctant farewell."

Then there was a slow-falling curtain, weird music, and a silence that boded ill to the unsuspecting merchant.



And he did!

STARS AT SPOKANE'S FRUIT FAIR.

The Walla Walla Country.

The great fruit fair held last October in Spokane, Wash., and which was so thoroughly treated and illustrated in the December number of this magazine, has proved to be the best advertisement ever conceived by Northwest brains for the exploitation of Northwestern interests. Inquiries still come to us relative to exhibits made at the fair, however, and we have decided to supplement our earlier work, so to speak, by publishing more or less detailed mention of some of the individual and distinctly sectional displays made.

For instance, Mr. C. L. Whitney, of Walla Walla, Wash., had charge of the Walla Walla County fruits—an exhibit that occupied a space sixty feet in length by ten feet in width, and which was filled with a fine collection of apples, pears, peaches, prunes, plums, nectarines, quinces, crab-apples, walnuts, butternuts, chestnuts, etc. The largest apple at the fair was grown in Walla Walla County by H. C. Chew; the largest quinces were grown by Frank Foster, of Walla Walla—three of which weighed nearly six pounds; and an egg-plant grown in the valley weighed five and three-fourth pounds.

The Walla Walla Valley is a natural fruit belt and nearly all kinds of fruit grow to perfection. The valley is irrigated naturally by small streams heading in the Blue Mountains and which thread their way through golden grain-fields and blooming orchards till they reach the Columbia River.

Walla Walla County secured first prizes on the following fruits:

Apples: Yellow Newton pippin, King of Tompkins County, Northern Spy, Spitzenburg, Waxen, Pewaukee, Hoover, and Blue Pearmain.

First prizes were also taken on the following:

Largest apple ("Gloria Mundi"), weight, thirty-six ounces; two best-packed boxes of pears, by W. S. Offner; best plate of Flemish Beauty pears, by Hon. John B. Allen, and best exhibit of pears from one farm, by Dr. N. G. Blalock.

The county took second prizes on Red Cheek pippins and on nectarines, and was also awarded a gold medal for "superior fruit exhibit."

Wilbur, Wash., and Its Fruit Fair Exhibit.

The following contribution comes to us from one of the most prominent and successful fruit-growers at Wilbur, Lincoln County, Washington—a thriving town on the Central Washington Railway, one of the feeders of the Northern Pacific system. It is published in full, because it gives many interesting details respecting that particular section of the State. Our correspondent says:

"A good deal of attention is now being paid by farmers to fruit-raising, and the results so far attained have more than compensated for the outlay. Such fruits as apples, pears, plums, peaches, apricots, nectarines, cherries, grapes, etc., thrive here as well as anywhere on the Pacific Coast, and far better than anywhere away from this favored region. The yield is most abundant and the flavor is the finest in the world. There are no pests to injure the fruit or destroy the trees. Among other projects on foot is one to can and preserve the products of the orchards, and the Wilbur Board of Trade is offering a large bonus to any one who will take hold of this matter. This will stimulate fruit-culture and will largely enhance the value of farm holdings in the neighborhood of the city. Another product to which considerable attention is now being paid, is flax. Many farmers have produced considerable of it and with excellent results. With a mild climate and short winters, and with a soil that is cleared by nature of all obstructions to agriculture; with a good supply

of timber for all purposes in the canyons and creek bottoms—and that, too, within reasonable distance of the fruit-lands; with the fact that the Central Washington is operating as an independent line, and that the policy of the present management is to consider the interests of the people along its line and tributaries as well as its own interests, this is indeed a favored country and fruit-growers and farmers are enabled to handle their products at fairly remunerative prices. The exorbitant rates heretofore charged against both passenger and freight traffic was one of our great drawbacks.

"The soil affords opportunities for extensive fruit-growing as well as grain-growing throughout this district. It is the most recently settled and developed land in the State. The orchards are mostly in their infancy, and some of them can be bought at very reasonable prices. There is still some Government and railroad land to be had. Good schools and churches are very plentiful, and the taxes are a good deal lower than in many Eastern States.

"The exhibit made at the Spokane Fruit Fair was from the Wilbur Fruit Growers' Association and was made by the following members: W. H. Waters, president; J. H. Friedlander, secretary; Robt. Neal, treasurer; Henry Wynhoff, Jas. Accord, Jos. Waters, Fred Linn, Chas. Clark, Nell Campbell, H. Pangborn, S. A. Hick, S. Shaw, P. Eagles, Milo Cox, M. Jensen, A. I. Ball, J. E. Johnson and M. E. Hay.

"This organization is but one year old, yet it has accomplished a great deal of good. The benefits are many. At the fair the Wilbur fruit-growers took fourteen first, eight second and three third prizes, besides the first prize taken by J. H. Friedlander for the best individual display. Mr. Friedlander first experimented with fruit in the Big Bend in 1881. Having cleared about two acres of what is called sage-brush land, he planted the same with different varieties of trees, vines and bushes, and has added to them every year until he now has thirty-five acres in fruit. Mr. Friedlander's exhibit was characterized by the cards: 'Raised by Irrigation' and not by 'Irrigation.'

"The exhibit of J. E. Johnson, of Wilbur, who had the 123 pound squash, fifty-eight-pound sweet pumpkin, thirty-seven-pound mangel wurzel, sweet potatoes, table beets, tomatoes and garden truck, was also very fine. The flax exhibit of M. E. Hay, 'the father of the flax-growing industry of the Big Bend,' was likewise quite an attraction in the Wilbur exhibit—showing that the growing of flax was a success, experts saying that the straw was far better than any grown in the East.

A Voice From Whitman County, Wash.

Writing to this magazine from Almota, Whitman County, Washington, Mr. Henry H. Spalding says the Fruit Fair was not only a great success as a fair, but that it proved a wonderful educator, and advertised the resources of the States interested as perhaps nothing else could. As fruit-producing districts, Mr. Spalding expresses the opinion that Eastern Washington and Eastern Oregon and Idaho have few equals, the climate and soil being peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of fruits. The low valleys of the Columbia and Snake rivers and their tributaries, with an altitude of only a few hundred feet above sea-level, produce fruit to perfection; while the uplands, along the foot of the mountains and in the mountain valleys, are likewise productive of all kinds of fruit and vegetables—the apples, especially, being of a very superior quality. Our correspondent adds that any land out there that will produce wheat will also grow fine apples

and other hardy fruits, and that plenty of such land can be bought at the price paid for ordinary grain land—certain localities excepted. Whitman County is pronounced the banner county of the Northwest, Mr. Spalding declares, not only as a grain-producing county but for the variety and quality of its fruits and vegetables as well. It comprises the famous Palouse Valley and a good portion of the fertile valley of the Snake River.

About Latah County, Idaho.

Referring to the exhibit made at the Spokane Fruit Fair by Latah County, Idaho, the Spokane (Wash.) *Spokesman-Review* said:

"Not only the judges, but everybody else capable of judging, concedes that, as an educational exhibit of diversified farming, Latah County's exhibit takes the lead.

"The judges recommended that medals and diplomas be awarded to a large number of exhibits, and that, especially, Latah County be awarded a gold medal for the best exhibit and greatest variety of general farm products.

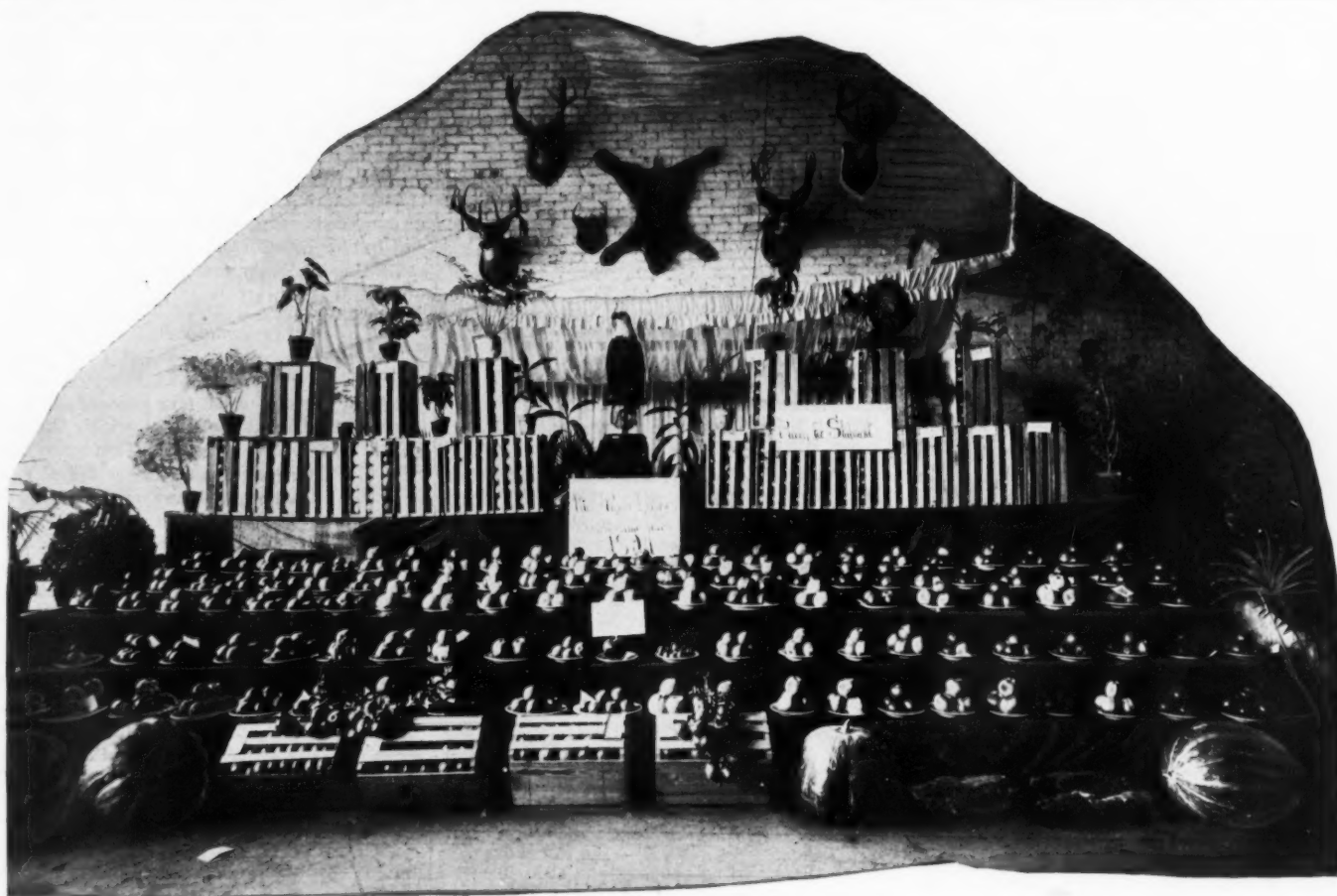
"The judges also speak highly of the exceedingly artistic arrangement of the exhibit—which, perhaps, shows a greater variety of farm products than ever before appeared in an exhibit in this part of the country. The variety of grains and grasses shown is almost incredible."

Latah County contains within its limits the most favored section of what is known as the famous Palouse Country, noted alike for its genial climate, picturesque scenery and wonderful productiveness of soil. The western and southern parts of the county are a rolling prairie, under thorough cultivation. The products are wheat, oats, flax, barley, beans, hay, fruit, vegetables and root crops. At the present time wheat and flax are the principal crops, although other products are encroaching upon the grain acreage and reducing it somewhat each year. The fruit industry is yet in its infancy, but is growing with great rapidity. In the southern part of the county, where the altitude is lowest, the orchards are more advanced, having been planted earlier, but even in the remote north part of the county peaches have been successfully raised and the yield of apples, pears, peach-plums, prunes, apricots, cherries and the smaller fruits is certain and simply enormous, the trees fairly breaking down with the weight of their yield. All this part of Latah County is an empire within itself and constitutes one of the richest agricultural countries in the world. It is estimated that this county produced in 1895 over 3,500,000 bushels of wheat and 850,000 bushels of flax, to say nothing of the immense bulk and value of its other products. The wheat averages thirty-five bushels per acre and the flax fifteen to twenty bushels. No irrigation is required, the natural rainfall being always sufficient to insure bounteous crops without the expense of establishing an artificial water system.

The eastern and northeastern portions of the county are covered with timber of great value and it will become a source of great wealth when manufactured. There are rich deposits of gold, silver, mica and opals within the limits. The Idaho exhibit of opals at the World's Fair came from Latah County and attracted wide attention, as did also the Latah County apples, which received first premium at the World's Fair.

As for climate, the winters are mild and the summers are delightful. The sultry, enervating heat so common to the summers of the Eastern and Middle States, is unknown here. No more healthful climate can be found anywhere.

Moscow, the county seat, contains 4,000 people and is the largest town in Idaho, except Boise. It is the seat of the University of Idaho and College of Agriculture, has a public school system of unsurpassed merit and has ten churches. The business part of town is handsomely built of



AN EXHIBIT OF EASTERN WASHINGTON FRUITS.

brick and the town itself is picturesquely situated in Paradise Valley within six miles of Mt. Moscow. It is electric lighted and has an efficient water system, the supply being drawn from artesian wells. Genesee, in the southwest part of the county, is the next largest town, with a population of 1,500. The other towns are Kendrick, with 600 population, Juliaetta with 300 and Vollmer with 200.

Land is cheap—from \$10.00 per acre up for improved farms, and in no country will such prodigal returns come to the farmer for an equal amount of effort intelligently directed. There are also good business opportunities awaiting the merchant or manufacturer in the different towns of the county.

Umatilla County, Oregon.

"Umatilla County, Oregon," writes Editor F. G. Hull, of the *Milton Eagle*, "contains 2,000,000 acres of land—about 118,000 acres more than Delaware and Rhode Island combined. A large portion of this territory is the finest wheat-land in the world and can be purchased at very reasonable prices. The county ranks third in the State in taxable wealth, and has a population of 17,000. Pendleton is the county seat, with a population of 4,000.

"Milton is the second largest town in the county. In natural resources the country tributary to Milton possesses a remarkably wide range and they are practically unlimited in their possibilities. The amount of water-power that has been running to waste since time began, and which could be employed for man's use and comfort, is actually incalculable. The numerous mountain streams and spring-brooks which run through the valleys have an average fall of about seventy feet to the mile. The cost of utilizing this tireless power by the use of small dynamos, for lighting and heating farm-houses, turning light-running machinery and driving

motor railways, will be so insignificant that its general use and application is assured. In securing actual comfort on the farm, what has required patient toil and Spartan fortitude for half a lifetime in the rigorous climate and oftentimes unremunerative soil of the Eastern States to accomplish, can be secured in this favored section in a few months.

"Some idea of the profits that can be and that are made from fruit-growing and gardening, may be derived from the following table, which is not at all exaggerated, but is extremely conservative in every detail:

1 acre strawberries, 4,000 pounds, @ 5c per pound.	\$200.00
1 " blackberries, 5,000 " @ 4c " "	200.00
1 " grapes, 20,000 " @ 1c " "	200.00
1 " raspberries, 3,000 " @ 6c " "	180.00
1 " onions, 300 sacks @ 3c " "	212.50
1 " potatoes, 150 sacks @ \$1 " "	150.00
1 " cabbage, 5,000 heads @ \$4 " "	200.00
1 " carrots, 25 tons @ \$4 " "	100.00
1 " watermelons, 100.00	
1 " tomatoes, 300.00	

"Apples, pears, prunes, plums, cherries and peaches, pay even more to the acre than small fruits and vegetables, while both can be grown on the same land at the cost of one cultivation. The size and quality of these varieties of fruits have created a reputation that is almost worldwide. The largest apple displayed at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, was grown here. The fruits exhibited at the Spokane Fruit Fair which created the most favorable comment from the multitude of people that visited it daily, were grown here. Twenty first and thirteen second prizes were awarded the Milton exhibit. The finest pears ever sold in the retail markets of Kansas City, Omaha and Chicago, were grown in Milton orchards. It is doubtful if there is another region in the land where the products mentioned can be grown in greater abundance and to greater perfection than in the broad and beautiful valley surrounding Milton.

"With such a market as there must always be along the lines of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways, from Spokane to St. Paul and in Northern Idaho, Montana, and in the British Possessions, and with reasonable transportation rates, this section alone is capable of supporting a population of 50,000.

"Besides being the central and principal point of the great fruit-belt of the Northwest, Milton has the finest water-power south of Spokane. Some day factories, mills and spindles will be put in motion by its mighty power, and a great manufacturing center will spring up here.

"It has been demonstrated by actual experiment that sugar-beet culture in this valley is an eminent success. Samples of beets grown here and sent to the State Agricultural College for analysis, showed 14.86 per cent sugar and 76 per cent purity. A site and water-power will be furnished gratuitously to any individual or corporation that will establish a beet-sugar refinery at this point. The enterprise would prove a profitable investment, as an abundance of raw material can be produced at our very doors; and hereabouts, also, is a large field for the sale of the manufactured product.

"The mean temperature at Milton, as expressed by a self-registering thermometer, is fifty-four degrees. The coldest weather experienced last winter was fourteen degrees above zero. In fact, the winters are invariably mild. Another item of great importance may here be mentioned. There is, perhaps, no other spot on the habitable globe so entirely free from poisonous reptiles and insect pests as the valley herein written of.

"Milton has a population of 1,200. All crafts and lines of business are represented that go to make a thriving, bustling town. It is situated on the O. R. & N. Railroad and is provided with the best of educational facilities. It has fine electric light and water-works systems, and is indeed a most pleasant place to make one's home in.

PROGRESS OF AGRICULTURE IN THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA.

By E. Cora Hind.

In 1883, Manitoba—a Province that contains 116,000 square miles—showed a total cultivated area of 467,174 acres; in 1895 the crop bulletin for the month of August estimates the area under cultivation at 1,887,796 acres. In 1883 Manitoba imported a large percentage of the beef, mutton, hogs and butter, and all of the cheese that she consumed; now the Province enjoys a world-wide reputation for the quality and quantity of her wheat, and exports cattle, hogs and wool extensively, while her dairy industry has risen from the zero point to a daily output of 8,000 pounds of butter and 20,000 pounds of cheese from creameries and cheese factories alone—leaving, unconsidered, the home manufacture of these articles.

This growth in the space of twelve years leads naturally to an inquiry into the causes and conditions which have made it possible. These may be considered under the following heads: Natural advantages, railway facilities, Government assistance, class of settlers, and farmers' institutes.

NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

The most striking is, perhaps, the exceptionally large area of fertile land ready for immediate cultivation. An enthusiastic politician once said—"There is not a foot of barren land in Manitoba!" This was an anti-election outburst and requires a very large grain of salt to make it go down; nevertheless, the fact of Manitoba's large area of fertility remains. In one district, between Emerson on the international boundary and Melita on the line of the southwestern branch of the Canadian Pacific, stretches a belt 180 miles long and thirty to eighty miles in width that is unsurpassed for richness of soil, almost every acre of which, in its virgin state, was ready for and susceptible of the highest cultivation.

All kinds of roots and cereals grow readily and yield abundantly. Wheat runs from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre, and the unusual amount of nitrogen in the soil is responsible for the high percentage of gluten in the wheat, which gives to Manitoba No. 1 hard its famous flouring qualities and helps to equalize the disadvantages occasioned by distance from the seaboard. The yield of root-crops is almost fabulous.

Fuel, that important requisite of northern climates, is plentiful. In the north there is wood and in the south coal, both easy of access. The water supply, both as to lakes and streams, is plentiful, and spring-water of a very superior quality is obtained in abundance by boring.

No better food for stock can be found in North America than the native grasses, and hay for winter consumption costs the farmer only the price of cutting and stacking. The milk from cows fed on these grasses is so rich in fat that fewer pounds are required to manufacture a pound of butter or cheese than in any other part of the continent.

The Province is entirely out of the track of the sudden and disastrous summer storms which are the despair of the agriculturist, the rainfall is general and abundant and the climate healthful—the death-rate being very low.

These are a few of the good things nature has bestowed upon the gate-way Province of the West.

RAILWAY FACILITIES.

Prior to 1880 the Red River cart was the chief means of transport; and, even as late as 1882, the

diabolical scream of its ungreased wheels was heard in the land. However, before the year was out, the long-looked for and much-talked of Canadian Pacific Railway stretched its sinuous length across the Province on its way to the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast.

The building of the main line was followed rapidly by the construction of the side branches of the system. The Pembina Mountain, running south from Winnipeg to with fifteen miles of the boundary and turning sharply to the west, follows a course parallel with that imaginary barrier to the town of Napinka. At no point is it more than twenty miles from American territory, and at one town—Cartwright, it approaches within six miles. The Southwestern and Souris division runs west and then southwest from Winnipeg. One hundred and fifty miles from the city a branch connects it with the main line at Kemnay. This part of the line is called the Souris and Brandon Branch, and runs almost due south to Napinka, where it connects with the Pembina Mountain and then continues its course through the Souris and Estevan coal-fields and connects, also, with the Soo Line. Between these two branches of the Canadian Pacific, like the meat in a sandwich, lies the route of the Morris and Brandon Branch of the Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway. This road runs through one of the finest districts of the Province, combining picturesque scenery with great fertility. There can be no more delightful occupation for an idle day in July, than a trip over this line. You leave Winnipeg on the south-bound express at 12:15, and change cars at Morris. After refreshing the inner man or woman, as the case may be, you proceed on your way Westward.

If you express a desire to see the country, the conductor will accommodate you with a canvas stool on the rear platform. The excellent condition of the road-bed makes this a safe and comfortable vantage ground from which to "view the landscape o'er." For eighty miles the road lies through fields of grain just showing the first tinges of yellow upon their green luxuriance. Gradually the course of the line and the charac-

ter of the country change. You run northwest and ascend a spur of the Pembina Mountains, and then come to the Brandon Hills. The farms continue, but are broken by stretches of timber and charming lakes. The "road allowance" is a dream of loveliness. On the right, are great banks of wild roses of every shade, from deep crimson to creamy white, their perfume a very breath from "Araby the Blest;" on the left masses of gorgeous orange-red lilies, that seem to glow and quiver beneath the fierce kisses of the July sun. Unconsciously you murmur:

"Solomon in all his glory

Was not arrayed, was not arrayed,

Like one of these."

For ease in ascent the road winds in the form of an S, or double horseshoe. From the different points or turns of the S four views of the pretty town of Miami—the point at which the steep grade begins—are obtained. There are many thriving towns along this line, chief of which are Miami, Balder and Wawanesa. The highest elevation is reached at Altamont. From this point there is a gradual dip to the valley of the Souris, which is crossed at Wawanesa; then a slight upward grade again, and at 8:45 your train rushes into the terminal station at the trim city of Brandon, which lies serene and sweet against a background of darkening hills.

Some idea of the development of the country tributary to this road may be gathered from the fact that, in 1889, when the road was opened, the grain crop was 400,000 bushels, while this year it will reach 2,000,000 bushels, between sixty-five and seventy loaded cars being run daily between Altamont and Morris.

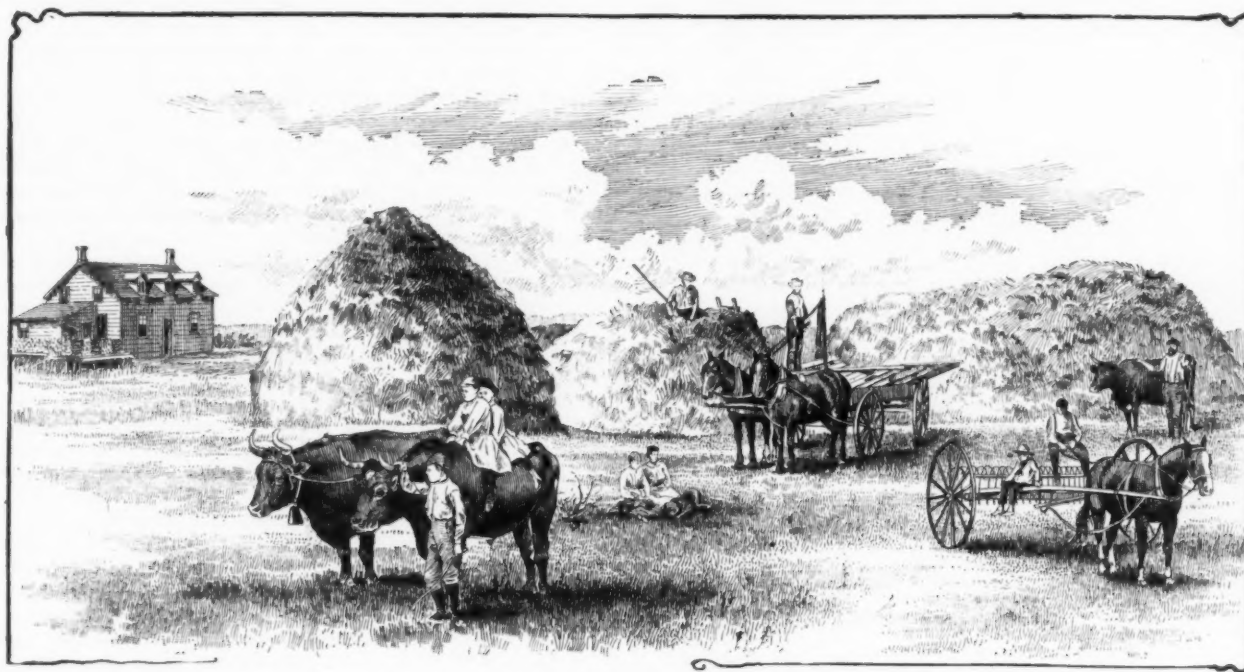
To the north of the main line of the Canadian Pacific the country is traversed by the Manitoba and North Western Railway. This company possesses running powers over the C. P. R. from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie, a distance of fifty-six miles, from which point their road runs, in a northwesterly direction, through a magnificent farming country. The ultimate terminus will be Prince Albert in the North West Territories.

The Great North West Central is surveyed to run between the last mentioned road and the main line of the C. P. R. Only a small portion of the road is built, and even the part constructed is not yet in full operation.

The only large district without a railway is the Dauphin Lake Country northeast of Riding Mountain and west of Lake Manitoba. This region is especially adapted to mixed farming and is settling so rapidly that there is little doubt that, before another year rolls round, a road will be built to carry its surplus products to outside markets.



MANITOBA EXPERIMENTAL FARM AT BRANDON.



A MANITOBA FARM SCENE.

A short line north from Winnipeg to the great stone-quarries at Stonewall and another to West Selkirk, near the mouth of the Red River, where it empties into Lake Winnipeg, and the Emerson Branch connecting with the Great Northern at Emerson, completes the railway system of the Province. It appears to be sufficient for present needs.

GOVERNMENT ASSISTANCE.

In her development Manitoba has received material assistance from both Dominion and Provincial governments. An active immigration policy and free grants of land to individuals and bonuses to railway companies, were but initial steps. It is well to induce people to come and settle in a country and to give them land to settle upon; but, if they do not know just what crops are best suited to soil and climate, they are at a disadvantage. Then, again, in a new country where land is given away, there is sure to be quite a large percentage of settlers who are attempting agriculture for the first time.

In order that the people of Manitoba might have some reliable and practical source of information on all matters agricultural, the Dominion government, following the course adopted in the older Provinces, established an experimental farm close to the city of Brandon. This situation is admirable for many reasons. Brandon is one of the wheat centers of the Province; in fact, it is called the "Wheat City," and it is easily accessible by rail from all parts of Manitoba. The farm is both flat and rolling prairie and is situated right on the banks of the Assiniboine River. The accompanying illustration gives a very fair idea of the farm, garden and buildings. The farm is in charge of Mr. S. A. Bedford, who was a practical farmer in Manitoba for years before he undertook his present post. The object of this farm, as its name indicates, is to find out everything that can be grown in Manitoba, the time to plant it, the best method of cultivation, the time to garner and the best means to adopt for its preservation. To quote Mr. Bedford, in his address at the last meeting of the Dairy Association, "Every year we are finding out a little more that the farmer can grow, and we hope to go along on this line until we know everything the farm can produce in this great country of ours." The knowledge thus acquired is the property of every farmer in the Province. A letter addressed to Mr. Bedford at the farm,

upon any subject relating to farming, is sure of a prompt, practical and courteous reply. The farm is also open to visitors at any time, and a day spent there is a delightful experience. There is an air of purpose about the place that is inspiring. Each small plot of ground has its little wooden sign setting out the experiment that is being attempted.

An experiment that has proved of absorbing interest is the hybridizing of wheat. A head of wheat is selected which is to be the mother of the new variety, and all the grains removed excepting one, or perhaps three (the time chosen is just when the wheat has come out of sheath). The father is selected from another variety, and this head should be at least three days longer out of sheath than the mother. With a tiny pair of pincers the anthers are plucked off and carefully transferred to the stamen of the mother grain, which is then wrapped in muslin to prevent damage from wind and rain, and the stalk tied securely to a stake. Of course, this is a very rough and incomplete account of the operation, but it is sufficient to show the patience and dexterity required. It is about two years since Professor Saunders, of the Dominion Experimental Farm, Ottawa, hybridized the first wheat at the Brandon farm. Of the one hundred grains operated upon, all did well; and, later, Mr. Bedford has been equally successful in his attempts. The object in view is the obtaining of a wheat with all the flouring qualities of Red Fyfe, but which will ripen from eight to ten days earlier. With such a wheat the Manitoba farmer would be able to defy fate in the shape of Jack Frost.

Among preservative methods, that of stacking green corn between layers of wheat straw has proved highly satisfactory. Mr. Bedford was anxious to find some means of keeping food green during the winter without the expense of building a silo. The corn, which is a very successful crop in Manitoba, was cut green and properly cured. First, a foot of wheat straw was spread upon the ground, then a layer of corn, then straw and corn alternately until the stack was completed. This work was done in the fall of 1894, and last July the corn was as green as when cut. In a Province where dairying is an important industry, this is a most valuable discovery.

As evidence of what may be accomplished by careful cultivation, the following figures, taken

from the books of the experimental farm, will be of interest:

In 1890-93 the average yield of Champlain wheat per acre was thirty-three bushels, eighteen pounds; of Red Fyfe, thirty-two bushels; of Banner Oats, eighty-two bushels, eight pounds; of Duck Bill Barley, fifty-nine bushels, eight pounds.

The shrubberies of the farm have received a great deal of attention and are very successful. The trees and shrubs grow as if they knew that the hand that planted them loved them, and if you have failed to be interested in the more strictly utilitarian portion of the farm, your love of the beautiful will be gratified by a stroll down "Love Lane," with its rows of soft, native maples and waving elms.

The sample-room is very interesting. Here are found specimens of all grains and seeds raised on the farm, carefully preserved in glass jars, and on the walls sheaves of grasses and grains in various stages of development.

But the efforts of the Government to develop Manitoba did not end with the establishment of the experimental farm. In the early eighties everybody came here with the idea of making a fortune out of wheat, and everything on the farm was subordinated to that idea. But with passing years the necessity of mixed farming became apparent and the idea of Manitoba as one huge wheat-field was abandoned, much to the comfort and advantage of the country.

To encourage butter and cheese-making, the Provincial government offered to any joint-stock company, formed for the purpose of operating either cheese-factory or creamery, a grant of dollar for dollar of the money raised up to a \$500 limit. Thus, if a company was formed with a capital stock of say \$2,000, and calls were paid up to \$250, the Government would advance \$250—and so on until the limit was reached. The Provincial government has already expended about \$8,000 in this manner. With the increase of creameries and factories the need of expert instruction in the manufacture of butter and cheese was felt keenly. The Dominion government stepped into the breach this time, and sent its traveling dairy through the Province with competent instructors. This dairy contains a complete outfit for manufacturing butter according to the latest improved creamery methods. The dairy has, for several seasons, visited every district in the Province from which a call has come

for its services, and the farmers have been taught butter-making by having it made under their eyes. A still further advance has been made this year in the appointment of a Provincial dairy superintendent. Prof. C. C. Macdonald, of the Dominion dairy commissioner's staff, was chosen for this position; and, as he is an expert and an enthusiast, he has already made his presence felt throughout the Province. Mr. Macdonald is now making preparations for holding a dairy school in Winnipeg, and all the young men and maidens who desire to become expert butter and cheese-makers, will have an opportunity afforded them of doing so. There are at present nineteen creameries and forty-six cheese factories, with a daily output as already stated. With these advantages, it should not be long before "Manitoba No. 1 creamery butter," and "Manitoba No. 1 full-cream cheese," become as famous in the markets of the world as "Manitoba No. 1 Hard."

CLASS OF SETTLERS.

If Manitoba owes much of her development to the parental character of her Government, she also owes not a little to the character of the immigrants who have come to make their homes within her borders. The largest percentage of

are threshed out,—such as "Elevator Monopoly," "Freight Rates," "Mixing Grain," and petitions sent to Government and railway corporations. The executive of the central body arranges for lecturers to be sent to the various local institutes and gives all assistance and advice possible to foster the growth of these local institutions. The Provincial government thinks so highly of this organization that local institutes receive a grant of fifty cents per member for each institute which has at least twenty-five bona-fide members. The central institute also receives a grant to assist in sending out lecturers and for other matters connected with its working, and the Dominion government allows Mr. Bedford, of the farm, to go from point to point giving addresses on farming topics. Each year the central institute issues a bulletin containing an account of the proceedings of the convention, papers read, etc., and this is printed at the expense of the Provincial government.

AGRICULTURE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

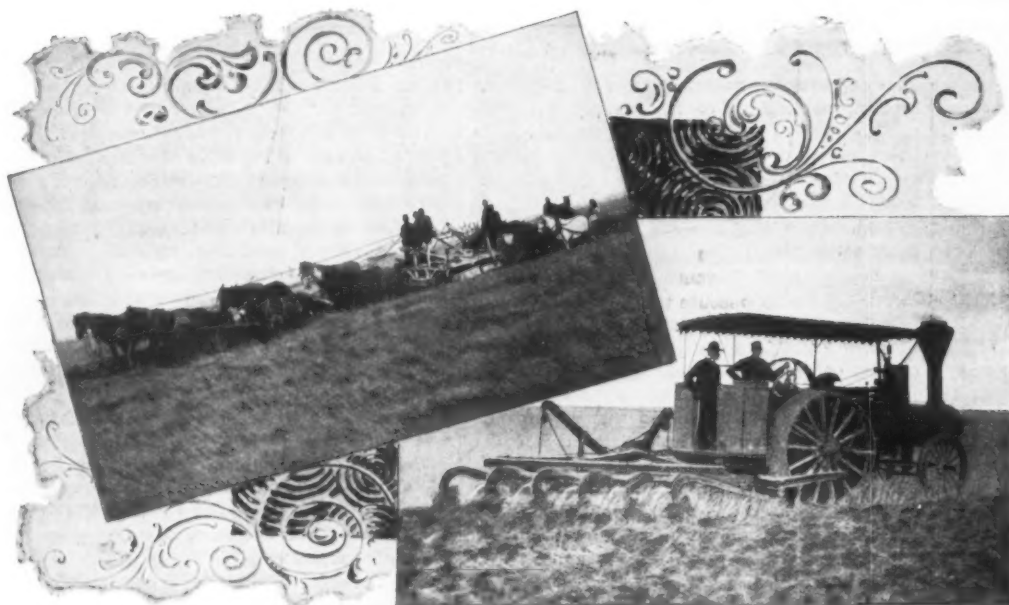
At the suggestion of the Central Farmers' Institute the Board of Education is now introducing a course of agriculture into the public school curriculum. The first book of the series

NATURE'S WISE PROVISIONS.

It is a wise provision of nature, says the Pilot Mound (Man.) *Sentinel*, that in this northern country many seeds, berries and plants remain in such a condition that they serve as food for winter birds and other wild creatures. There are the rose apples, which in this country are really a species of fruit; then there are haws, winter-berries, nanny-berries, cranberries and silver-berries. There are also seeds of the Manitoba maple, on which the grosbeaks feed. There are the seeds of numberless weeds, plants and flowers which remain in the pods on the stems above the snow for the snow-birds, and beneath the tall grass of the wild hay meadows there are abundance of seeds on which thousands of field-mice subsist during the winter months. The buds of the white birch also serve as food for grouse and partridges during the time of snow, and the bark of the poplar trees, which are in groves everywhere, afford nourishment for millions of rabbits. The bark of the poplar is also the favorite food of beavers, and sheep are so fond of the covering of the poplar that in winter they will peel, with their teeth, every green pole that comes in their way. In the woods of Manitoba the vetch and wild pea that wind their tendrils around bushes remain with the pods unopened and the deer, the squirrels and the birds, can, by a little search amongst the trees, frequently obtain a dainty morsel. In the spring, as soon as the snow disappears, the woods, the prairies and the grain-fields are all in a condition to furnish a vast supply of bird-food. In the bush all the various insects that, in immense numbers, have been torpid in cavities amongst the trees, come forth and many are picked up. The prairie is covered with the seeds of grasses, weeds, plants and flowers, on which the returning birds feed with satisfaction. The scattered grain on the immense fields remains all winter uninjured by the dry snow, and affords a plentiful feast for millions of gray geese, wavy wild ducks, grouse, and brown and white cranes. With the exception of the grain-fields, the same abundant food supply exists nearly all the way to the polar sea. Consequently the British Northwest is, during summer, the greatest bird world on the continent.

THE COTEAU RANGE IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

The Coteau Range in Eastern South Dakota is an interesting subject of study from a geological and botanical point of view. A low, broken range of hills about twenty miles wide, surmounting an elevated plateau, it has an altitude of 2,000 feet. It is the terminal moraine of the great glacier which enveloped Minnesota and the Northwest, which, moving southwesterly, a correspondent of the *Minneapolis Journal* says, loosened its grip and slumped its load along this line. A very remarkable conglomeration was that load. There are heaped in confusion almost every soil and rock known to the geologist; while, mixed through it so thoroughly and so generally that almost every shovelful of the gravel yields up traces of some of them, are gold, silver, iron, copper, and other minerals. Gem-stones abound in great variety, and some are valuable. A lady visiting in Gary picked up a native brilliant for which she accepted \$200 from a Chicago jeweler, and D. F. Youngs, a farmer near town, received \$85 for one he found that had been thrown to the surface by one of the burrowing gophers.



MACHINE ROAD-MAKING AND STEAM-PLOWING.

the settlers come from Eastern Canada; and the sons and daughters of the men and women who carved homes for themselves out of the forests of Ontario and Quebec, have found little difficulty in making a success of farming on the fertile and easily cultivated plains of the West. The over-sea immigrants all belong to Northern races—the canny Scot, the dogged John Bull, the plodding Teuton, the thrifty and frugal Swede and Iclander. Is it any wonder that Manitoba has prospered?

FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

The farmers of Manitoba take a proper pride in the profession of agriculture and hold it second to none. For mutual improvement in matters bearing upon farming, societies known as farmers' institutes have been established. These societies hold regular meetings at which papers are read, addresses made and discussions had upon a wide range of topics affecting farming interests. The various local institutes are affiliated into a Provincial organization known as the "Manitoba Central Farmers' Institute." Each year they hold a convention, always at Brandon, so that delegates may have the benefit of visiting the experimental farm. At this convention, which lasts three days, all manner of questions

is already in the hands of the teachers and is entitled "Our Canadian Prairies." It deals with the somewhat peculiar flora of the Province, and also teaches the children to distinguish harmful weeds. Each school is being supplied with a set of forty colored plates, representing thirty of the most noted prairie flowers and ten noxious weeds. The second book of the series, published early in 1896, deals with the surface geology of Manitoba, soils, drainage, general agriculture, stock-breeding, and many kindred topics. The compiler of these books is the Rev. Geo. Bryce, D. D., of Manitoba College, who, for the past twenty-five years, has been closely identified with the life of the Province educationally. This experiment is being watched with great interest and, should it prove a success, as there is every hope of its doing, there is little doubt that the example will be followed in the older Provinces.

The natural advantages, railway facilities, Government assistance, class of settlers and farmers' institutes thus roughly sketched, are among the causes and conditions which have made, and are still making, the prosperity of Manitoba. With "Excelsior" for her motto, in another twelve years she should be the banner Province of the Great Dominion.

BEE-TREE HUNTING IN WASHINGTON.

Quite often, in the farming settlements, parties of ranchers are seen bearing away from the ever-present tracts of timber large quantities of honey conveyed in various household utensils. Wash-tubs are the favorite receptacles, although younger members of the bee-hunter's family aid in carrying the mellifluous substance in buckets, as well. Some settlers in the dense, wood-covered districts make a profession of lining bees, just as others vary the routine of farming by trapping fur animals of the mink, fisher and beaver species at certain seasons along the banks of the creeks and sloughs. Thick, graduated brush grows beneath the tall, massive fir and cedar trees, between which a tangle of vines mat the ground and, rising in the spaces, makes it uneasy to detect the direction in which a bee takes its flight after visiting the bait. Therefore the hunters follow the edge of a creek or a field until they find their industrious prey seeking nectar from the ambrosial wild flowers, especially the clover blossoms.

One of these parties was met by me, one day, and, being curious as to their mode of securing honey from the great, natural hives in the forest, I readily persuaded myself to accompany the hunters.

"What do you use to attract the bees?" I asked the old farmer, with whom his son, gun in hand, walked.

"This," he replied, bringing from under his arm a tin dish that was lidded with a piece of card-board.

We walked the bank of a narrow creek, across which the old man pointed and thus drew my attention to a clump of overarching cedars.

"See that dry tree, with the heavy-plumed green one beside it?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, two days gone there was another. The boy'n I felled it, an' we got a barrel of honey—an' two pails, besides."

"Do you mean it?"

"I do. An', more'n that, there wasn't hardly a pound went to waste. The honey was clean's 'I taken from a person's own hive. Every bit of the hollow, 'cept a little comb at the bottom, was filled in."

"Did you get the bees?"

"Yessiree! Pure Italians, at that; an' no hybrids amongst 'em. Some un's loss my gain, that turn."

At a point near the creek, where the prevailing hardwood gives way to nettles and a small patch of wild clover, the dish of slightly-moulded comb and honey was placed on the ground. Several bees, of a naturally wild sort, soon left the clover blossoms for the tempting bait thus laid out to allure them. Soon one worker, surfeited with the sweet juice, ascended in the air and flew at an angle to the creek, over the alder-woods of the bottom.

"Now we follow the line of that, Missey, and angle again," said the old man, recovering the bait-box, while hardly withdrawing his eyes from the bee.

And now we press through the thick brush, catching on the prickly branches of a crab-apple tree, from which we get free only to trip up in the tangle of vines which creep over the logs in our path. A clear space, where some slashing had been done in the brush, opened to view ahead, and here the bait was again placed to attract the bees. In a short time a number of bees had alighted and, loading their honey-bags, soon

arose in the air to guide us in the direction of their retreat.

"Their home isn't far, now," averred the skillful hunter, who seemed to note indications that led him to think so.

"You seem to understand their habits," I ventured.

"Oh, yes. Any one could tell we're pretty near the tree when the bees grows so thick about the dish 'n' you see them go to unload an' come back."

Picking up his dish the old man led us over burned ground, where the dead poles were thickly strewn, until finally we entered on a corduroyed road leading through a farm.

A tall stub of a partly-burned spruce-tree rose from the sea of foliage, rich with the autumnal tints of crimson and brilliant yellow maple-leaves, beneath which the bees, leaving the bait again, directed us to their stores of honey.

"They can't fool the old man!" said that individual, chuckling, while he pointed upwards to a hole in the large trunk.

The aperture was hardly visible and would have escaped attention had it not been for the bees, which were seen entering with their loads of honey.

"Silas!" ejaculated the rancher, turning suddenly to the boy, "hurry home 'n' fetch the cross-cut. The six-foot one 'll do." And then, swinging about more, he said:

"Never seen a honey-tree, stranger? Well, you won't grow much older thataway."

It was growing dusk when the boy returned to the elated old man who, awaiting him so eagerly, soon had the two older sons, who had also arrived, hard at work sawing down the tree. The ladscut a notch in the tall stub at opposite points and a few feet from the ground, and inserted a hastily-hewed spring-board in each. Raising their bodies onto the contrivances, they worked with a will in an effort to secure the honey before the darkness set in.

"There't goes!" shouted the farmer as the great trunk cracked, at the sounds of which the lads sprang to the ground, one of them bearing the saw to safety.

"Now, boys, get a cut off'm it," he continued, marking with his thumb the spot at which he wanted the fallen timber sawed through.

"See," he resumed, "the intelligence of them little creatures!" indicating the swarming bees, which had left their abode only to return again with the passing of the shock that had driven them forth.

"Quite natural for them to return, I should think," was my reply as I saw the last bee of the swarm re-enter the trunk.

"Yes, yes; but did you notice the hole they entered?"

"What about it?" I inquired.

"Why, if you look close, you'd see the hole was on the op'ite side to the lean in the tree; an', when it falls, it will bring the hole right side up. No danger then 'f their being shut in!"

"Powerful instinctive qualities, sure!" I agreed;—"but do the bees never live in a hollow tree with the orifice on the side toward which it inclines?"

"Never seen one that did; although, sometimes, the bees enter a cavity from the top, an' they don't seem then to care which way the tree leans," answered the old man, who now gave directions for another cut in the tree at a distance from that already finished.

No sooner was this accomplished by the sawyers than the cut was pried away from the other sections.

"Jump, Silas—a wedge!" commanded the father, who quickly placed the steel tool in position at one end of the log, into which the former drove it with a sledge-hammer. A good deal of the honey showed itself in the cavity through which the saw had gone, separating the

undisturbed brood-comb from that containing the honey.

"Let her have it," the director of operations said, encouragingly, placing a second wedge beneath the other, a few blows on which split the log into two pieces.

"This side will need more splitting," I suggested, seeing that it was composed to a great extent of natural chambers, the thin walls having been left in the process of decay.

"Right you be," the old man assented, pausing to glance at the other half of the log and stopping, for a instant, the work of separating the honey-comb from the wall of the large chamber.

On this part of the cut the bees, rounded into a ball like a large, speckled pompon, were easily induced, with the help of a sweeping motion of the hand, to enter a box held in readiness by one of the boys, in which the brood-comb was also deposited.

"Another split, now, boys, an' we've the whole mine!" urged the father, whose two boys soon had the remaining half asunder in two pieces. Various narrow galleries and cells in this portion were occupied by the yellow juice, to secure which an ax was used; the old man, with honey and wax-smearing hands, deftly removing the contents until scarcely a particle remained.

"You've seen the whole thing, now," said the bee-tree hunter, smiling up at me; "an' the next trouble may be in keeping the bees alive after we get them home."

"Don't you always manage to save the swarm after capturing it?"

"No. More often 'n not we lose them," explained the farmer.

"It's late in the season, and they can't make enough honey to last through winter," I surmised.

"Exactly," my old friend replied. "However, I'll try hard to save this find."

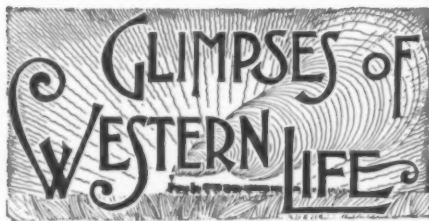
We moved in opposite directions, after this conversation, and I was glad of the opportunity that had been afforded me of taking part in a pursuit which is so profitable to those engaging in it. Sometimes it is necessary to clean the honey thus gathered, by heating it and straining it through cloths, to remove the mould and decayed bits of wood which get into it when the tree containing the sweet matter is sawed down.

J. P. MCINTYRE.

THE CROW AS A SCAVENGER.

It is the popular custom to look upon the crow as a winged pest that should be exterminated by any means and at any time, but the following item from the New Whatcom (Wash.) *Reveille* paints him not quite so black as he appears. The *Reveille* says:

"We are pleased to see that sable-hued bird, the crow, become a constant and quite tame inhabitant of the 'Tyee City,' New Whatcom. He is invaluable as a scavenger and worm-destroyer, and, if he does occasionally pull up some grain or eat a few bird's-eggs, his good traits more than offset his bad ones. In many Eastern cities he is protected by ordinance, and right well does he repay the protection. One who has not watched a flock of crows, busy for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four in destroying what would otherwise be the germs of filth-diseases, has no conception of the amount of filth they will dispose of. They very soon learn where they will not be molested and will ply their busy vocation within twenty feet of an observer, while in other localities it is difficult to get within gunshot of them. Not very musical nor conspicuous for beauty, and not generally esteemed as an article of diet, although sometimes necessary for that purpose, the crow is brimful of practical industry, exemplary in his domestic relations, not given to gossip, always sober, opposed to tobacco, and in strict devotion to business he is a model."



Joaquin Miller's Brother.

James H. Miller, a brother of the poet, Joaquin Miller, is one of the pioneers of Eastern Oregon, having settled in the Ochoco Country when Indians were thicker than jack-rabbits and when the settler's life and property were constantly in danger. He retains the costume of the frontiersman, and presents the appearance of having belonged to a generation of the past.

A Tale From Rossland.

A Rossland landlord, finding business a little dull one day, whiled away the time by looking over a box of old books that he had brought from the East. Among the books was a catechism and confession of faith that he had studied in his youth. He took them out and began to read. Many passages were familiar to him. It was like meeting long lost friends. The next day he read his catechism in the barroom—taking up the book between drinks, but, somehow, it didn't fit well with the surroundings. As he laid the catechism down to pour out a glass of whisky for a drunken customer, his conscience smote him. The upshot of the matter was, that in less than two weeks he sold out to his partner and engaged in another business.—*Rossland (B. C.) Prospector.*

Delay was Dangerous.

As some old-timers were gathered about the stove in the office of the Grand Forks (N. D.) *Plaindealer* the other day, the conversation turned upon an old settler who played a prominent part during the small-pox epidemic which, many years ago, raged near Thompson. The old-timer in question was hired to nurse the community, and, every morning, near a stake upon the prairie, he would leave orders for all of the articles needed. His order one morning was simple, but unique. It read:

"Two coffins, a plug of tobacco and a jug of whisky."

The order was filled, with the exception of the whisky. On the following morning the nurse left word at the stake that if the jug of whisky was not forthcoming, he would be in town after it. That settled it; for, with more haste than decency, a special trip was made to fulfill the peremptory request.

Rounding up Montana Bachelors.

The Great Falls (Mont.) *Tribune* has entered upon a noble work which deserves success, and which could be emulated by other Montana journals to the advantage of all parties concerned. Our Great Falls contemporary announces that it is compiling a list of eligible bachelors in Cascade County, giving data as to their financial standing, habits and personal appearance, the information being gathered for the benefit of marriageable young ladies who contemplate exercising the privileges of leap-year. If the *Tribune* carries out its idea in a legitimate manner, without fear or favor, it may accomplish results that will cause future generations to rise up and call it blessed.

This is a most opportune time for entering upon such a mission, as it is the last leap-year of the century and a similar period will not occur until 1904. Let's give the girls all the information possible in the premises; it's a long time

between leap-years, and the next interval will be a double dose of weary waiting.—*Fall River (Mont.) Press.*

A Romantic Wedding.

The marriage of W. A. Phillips of this county and Miss Margaret Richtie of Trenton, N. J., occurred recently in the Capital Hotel parlors, County Judge Knauff officiating. Mr. Phillips lives twelve miles northwest of the city on a farm, and is well-known to all here. Miss Richtie arrived on the early morning train. It was her first visit to the city, and the first sight of her husband. She was elegantly dressed, young and good-looking, and is said to have been engaged in school-teaching in the East before coming West to be married. The acquaintance with her husband is said to have been brought about through a matrimonial paper. The couple left for the farm at once and are now engaged in housekeeping. This adds another to the list of Eastern girls who have ventured into the matrimonial field in this county through the medium of advertising.—*Jamestown (N. D.) Alert.*

A Rough Mail-Route.

"If some of the people who haven't received their mail on the Lewiston line would go through what I have on the stage road there," said a man who drove over the road nearly three years to a reporter of the Helena (Mont.) *Independent*, "they would have more forbearance. You have no idea what the road is after dark. I have been over it when there wasn't more than a skiff of snow, but the wind would be blowing and the snow drifting like the waves of the sea. There are nothing but these cut coulees all through, and a man who gets out of the run has no way to get back again, while it looks as if every next jump a man's leaders made would carry them off into the bottom of an ocean. When a fellow has led a team along the road and kept his foot in the rut all the time for fear that, if he lost it, he would never find it again, and done it right along for mile after mile, he can appreciate it as no one else can. I have gone into a station when Senator Power was there waiting for a chance to go out, and couldn't find a man who would guarantee not to lose the way.

"And, although the snow isn't always heavy, the wind may be depended upon to blow, and wind and dry snow are trouble enough, I can tell you."

Corralling Oregon Bachelors.

According to the Athena (Or.) *Press*, the young ladies of that community are going to round up the bachelors in good style. A Leap-Year Club is to be organized, and operations will begin at once. A *Press* reporter approached a popular young lady and besought her to give him more definite information. In reply she said:

"Yes, we're going to organize a leap-year club. It will, of course, be a girls' club exclusively. The purpose will be to educate and improve the members and, incidentally,"—here the young lady paused and grew a little red in the face.

"To promote matrimony," suggested the reporter, in order to help her out.

"Well, yes," replied the young lady, in a determined tone.

"H—how will you go to work about it?" ventured the reporter, timidly.

"We haven't arranged that yet," she responded, dubiously. "But the fact is, the boys here are altogether too backward. Half of them don't know enough to come in when it rains. They hang around, and hang around, month after month and year after year, monopolizing a girl's time and attention, yet never say a word to give her a definite idea of what they are going to do. We girls are getting tired of that sort of thing,

and the only way to put an end to it is to—to—"

"Ask them what they mean," said the scribe, coming again to the rescue.

"Well, yes," returned the maiden, getting a little red again. "After all, there's no good reason why a girl shouldn't ask a man to marry her if she wants him to," she said, defiantly.

"Of course there isn't," returned the reporter.

A Montana Reminiscence.

One of the "old-settler" lawyers of Billings, Mont., has been spinning early-times' stories to the *Billings Gazette*, among them being the following:

"In 1882 H. H. Mund came in here from Deadwood to start a bank. Although he wasn't exactly verdant, he hadn't been out West long and had a very considerable respect for six-shooters and other implements of a like nature which were worn as ornaments by almost everyone in those days. He had had some experience, too, in dancing in Deadwood, at which times he would become very playful and his antics afforded much amusement to those who gathered to look on. For this and for other reasons he had become very conservative and avoided mingling in any questionable society.

"The building in which the bank was to be located was a frame and was not finished when Mund and the safe arrived; so the safe was put temporarily in a tent, which was occupied by Tulley, Hart & Frieze as a hardware store. Mund had been in these quarters but a few days when a rough, wild-looking man, dressed in Montana broadcloth, with a Winchester over one arm and a brace of six-shooters in his belt, stepped into the tent and, in a gruff voice, inquired for the new banker. Mund was pointed to as the man wanted, and the Westerner approached.

"'Ugh! Are you the new banker?' said the stranger.

"'Yes, sir; anything I can do for you?'"

"The stranger reached down in his pockets and, in an instant, up went Mund's hands and his face became as pale as death, while his knees knocked together and he became so weak that he could not take refuge in flight.

"A broad smile spread over the face of Tom McGirl, the cattle baron, as—instead of a six-shooter as Mund expected—he drew out \$25,000 in bills for deposit and asked, in his gruff, business-like way:

"'Are you ready to do a little business?'"

"The agony was over and Mund's pulse soon began to beat regularly again."

The Poetry of Western Life.

Now and then some editor in the great Northwest draws inspiration from his marvelous surroundings and, dipping his pen in artist's ink, paints a picture as worthy of preservation as anything wrought in oil or carved in marble.

Here is a bit of descriptive work from the Lump City (Mont.) *Miner*. Read it, and then fancy what the reality must have been:

"Just as the sun was rising the other morning, darting its golden shafts through the clear mountain atmosphere—crisp, bell-like and frosty, so still that one could almost hear it, with only here and there a thin, gossamer-like cloud in the blue vault of heaven, it touched and kindled into fire the lofty peak of old Red Mountain. Its snow-clad summit glistened and sparkled in the golden rifts of sunrise like the jeweled necklace of an Oriental princess. Only the wind-swept peak of this grand old Sentinel of the Mountains was thus burnished, and then only for a moment; for, as the sun crept slowly higher over the wall of eastern rock across the valley, the golden tint changed to spotless white, clear-cut against a sky of deepest blue, while the purples, lavenders, orange and carnation shadows of its lower altitudes, blended into exquisite bits of coloring,



SUMMIT AND CRATER OF MOUNT BAKER, WASHINGTON; ALTITUDE, 12,500 FEET.

From a photograph taken by a party of explorers in the summer of 1894. This mountain is the second highest peak of the Cascade Range. From its summit can be seen all the lower part of Puget Sound, the Straits of Fuca, and on the western horizon the Pacific Ocean.

shading off into dark bronze amid the pines and firs of the foot-hills."

And now read these eloquent lines from the Colville (Wash.) *Index*:

"We have a north window that is very plain in structure, but what wonderfully beautiful pictures have been painted for us through it during the past year! No pictures that hang upon our walls can compare with the living pictures which are painted for us every day through this humble window which looks out upon a line of hills, some of which rise to the dignity of mountains. In the spring-time, when these hills are clothed in varying shades of green and the sunset light is falling upon the beautiful panorama and softening it, and when the sky is aglow with purple, crimson and gold, then we have a picture that would delight the heart of a Ruskin. Often in early summer, when a storm is gathering over these hills, we have been awed by the sublimity of our picture. Clouds mount into the upper air and hurry across the sky, a flash of lightning darts across our painting, and a boom as of a great gun echoes through the mountains. Immediately after the discharge the rain comes dashing to earth. In a few moments it ceases, the mists that have spread like a gauzy veil over our picture, lift, the sun comes out—and, lo! a rainbow. Today these hills and mountains are dressed in all the pomp of autumn. Although the trees are not like those of the Eastern States, which in the autumn change to brilliant red, gold and brown, yet these lovely colors are not wanting in the picture, for the sides of the hills glow with the crimson sumac and the yellow of the sarvis bushes. Tomorrow, however, these mountains will gleam like silver in their shining drapery of spotless snow. When the sun climbs into them over the cloudless heavens and they stand

out in bold relief against a sky as blue as that of Italy, our picture will be different, but no less beautiful."

A Bit of Montana History.

"Ubet" is the unique name of a thrifty little post-office surrounded by a thrifty settlement in the famous Judith Country, and it is growing to be a hamlet of some little importance at this time, says a Great Falls (Mont.) dispatch. The peculiarity of the name has attracted wide attention, and many people have wondered why a name of that character should have been saddled off onto a community composed of "some of the best people in Montana." In discussing the subject an old-timer, and a Republican, said to a *Helena Herald* man:

"Colonel Sanders is responsible for the name of Ubet being foisted on the people of that section. The incident occurred during a hot political campaign during Territorial days, when the 'war-horse' was a standing candidate for delegate to Congress. There were a few scattering votes where Lewistown now stands, and the colonel made a trip out there in the hope of capturing them. Every man he tackled for support was a Democrat, and Sanders was disconsolate. One day, in driving through the country, he ran across a large freight outfit camped where Ubet now stands, and the colonel sought support from fifteen or twenty freighters. He informed the men that he was Colonel Sanders, Republican nominee for Congress, and asked if there were any Republicans present.

"'No, I should say not,' replied the wagon boss.

"'I am,' said the war-horse, 'a representative of that grand old party that has produced such grand men as Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Blaine and Conkling; I am advocating the cause they so

ably championed, and if you believe in those men you will support and vote for me. Will you do it?'

"'No, we'll be damned if we do,' responded the men.

"'I believe in the Fourth of July, the Declaration of Independence and the Fifteenth Amendment. What more do you want? Will you vote for me now?'

"'Not if we are sane on election day.'

"'If my name were Maginnis and I were a Democrat, would you vote for me?'

"'No, not under any circumstances.'

"'If I were a clay-eating Missourian from Pike County, would you support me?'

"'Not for a moment.'

"'Well, if I were Christ, and came here on earth especially to save you compound idiots that now surround me, would you give me your support?'

"'Not if there was a Democrat or a yellow dog in the field against you.'

"'Gentlemen,' said Sanders, 'I appreciate the fact that you are honest men—outspoken and fearless in expressing your views—and that I cannot change your political sentiments. But, before I drive on, I want to ask you one more question: Will you have a drink of good old bourbon whisky with me?' and the colonel reached under the seat and pulled forth a demijohn.

"'Ubet!' was the united and enthusiastic chorus that went up to the quivering clouds above as the gang rushed towards the carriage.

"'I'll be damned if you do!' exclaimed Sanders, as he drove hastily off to avoid mob violence.

"From that day to this the spot has been called Ubet, and the chances are that it will never be changed—so long as the 'war-horse' is on deck, anyway."

THREE PHASES OF LIFE.

By Florence Kerr.

FIRST PHASE.

A typical Northwestern village, prosaic and commonplace, save for a something of promise about it;—a suggestion of possibilities—an air of expectancy, one might almost call it. It is, by the way, in this air of expectancy that the vast difference lies between an Eastern and a Western village. The former has lived its life and exhausted its possibilities. It is contented, settled, staid. But the Western village—who knows what it may become? Who can limit its powers of growth? One laughs at the hopes of these villagers, yet feels that they might be realized. For places, as for people, there is hope for the future so long as there is discontent in the present.

But as I indulge in this hopeful outlook, trying for the time to take on the coloring of my surroundings, that I may describe them more clearly, an old proverb comes unbidden to my mind, a proverb which declares that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." Will it be so of this little village? One might almost call it two villages, so divided is it. Between its two sides flows the river—a gleaming line of silver. But, alas! there is no room for poetry in a Western town; even the river is for use, not for beauty; for on one side, far as the eye can reach, are mills—paper-mills, flour-mills, lumber-mills, the latter the largest and the pride of the town—of this side of the town, particularly. The tiny houses of the workmen and the hotel in the distance, not in use now, on account of hard times, together with some stores here and there, make up the picture. At night the glowing furnace of the lumber-mill, spitting forth its angry jets of flame, reminds one of the entrance to Tartarus; and in its glowing color is the only bit of poetry in the landscape. But as we view the scene now—the merciless glare of the sun upon it and with the great, awkward piles of lumber in sight and the water flowing so monotonously over the dam—the white, brick buildings of the water-power company adding to the dreariness of the prospect, it is the perfection of prose and there is never a suggestion of romance about it.

Across the river, via a bridge of ample proportions, one enters the larger portion of the village—the village proper, as residents call it. It has long, quiet streets, and stores with the usual assortment of village necessities. The town-hall, constructed of pale, cream stone, is quite an imposing structure and "was built by an architect from the city from below," the people triumphantly tell you. There are the usual saloons, well patronized, as a rule, and there is a town hotel with great, dreary windows and an air that is utterly monotonous and tiresome and wholly lacking in interest, except for students of humanity. As one watches the people about the streets or lounging in the saloons talking over the counters, one is at once interested. It is evident that something is alive, after all, and that some event of moment has occurred. The onlooker may be slightly surprised, but things do happen in a Western village—occasionally.

"Have you heard the news, Peter?"

A group of men were lounging just outside the saloon. A smell of sour beer and worse whisky

came through the open door. The speaker, a small, wiry man with a bad face, grinned maliciously. He was not out of work. Some two weeks ago he had decided not to strike, and, now that it was all over, he was glad. It had been a tough fight, but he was rewarded. What did it matter that he had broken his promise? What mattered it that he had urged the men on and, at the last moment, had deserted them, or that his companions had hooted him and called him coward? He had his job, and they would have to wait many a long day.

"Well, why don't you answer me?" he cried.

The man addressed pulled a long, dirty pipe out of his mouth with the slow, drawling movement common to Swedes, and said:

"I don't know as I want. Tain't no good news that you have, I be sure."

"You don't know it, then? I thought so. Well, if you don't want ter talk I suppose you can listen. There ain't goin' to be no new railroad, and you're out of your job. See?"

"And you're a liar!—See?"

In an instant the men had clinched and were fighting hard. About them the crowd formed a ring and the small boys, hovering near, gathered in breathless haste to see what promised to be a desperate fight.

Suddenly the small man fell back. "I'm killed," he said, with a fearful oath.

The blood oozed from a wound in his side. His face was as white as death. There was that blue look about the lips, and his eyes were half-shut. A woman, who came from the saloon to investigate, fainted and thus added to the confusion that already reigned. By and by a policeman approached the crowd:

"What's up here?" he called, in stentorian tones.

"A man is dying."

"Well, can you help him standing about there like gawks? Take him inside!"

The man was taken in.

"Now, how did this happen?"

The people were too frightened to answer.

"Well, can't you talk?"

"Well, sir," a man answered, "there was a fight, and —"

"Which man?—quick!"

Some person in the crowd pointed an unwilling finger at Peter—poor, frightened Peter, who stood there as if rooted to the ground, so great was his terror. How it had happened he could not have told. Did he or did he not kill the man? Why, he hadn't any knife. He would tell the man so; and, surely, he would believe him.

Poor, simple Peter! He had not been in America long. He had a dim recollection of calling the man a liar. Well, wasn't he a liar? Hadn't he said—What was it he had said? Why, he couldn't remember anything. His head swam.

What was that they were putting on his wrists? Oh! he knew; they were handcuffs. He struggled frantically.

"No use to struggle, man! The more you struggle the worse 'twill be for you," the policeman said. Peter grew silent and walked beside the burly policeman mechanically. Soon they came

to that awful building, the jail! He had never thought that he would come there. And then, for the first time that morning, he thought of his wife and his poor little children, the oldest only four years old. He wept quietly; and then the doors of the prison closed upon him—weeping, still weeping, begging to see his wife and insisting that he was innocent.

"Yes, yes; you shall see your wife, but you must not cry," the kind-hearted matron said. Years of contact with jail-birds had not made her callous, though she was an ignorant woman and the world had not been all sunshine to her.

The minutes seemed hours, but at last the wife came. She was a pale, almost pretty, woman, her eyes staring in helpless misery and her mouth wearing a strained look that was pitiful. It was the look of one who had suffered much and who was now approaching despair.

"Well, Pete, what's the matter now?"

The Swedes are an undemonstrative people even in their suffering. She did not cry, but there was a misery in her tone that was deeper than tears.

"What have you done?"

She did not come close to him; she stood leaning against the door.

"Oh, Maggie, won't you come to me?"

"Tell me, first, what you've done, Pete," she replied, just a little quaver creeping into the hopeless misery of her voice.

"Maggie, I swear to God that I am innocent!—innocent as the babies at home."

The reference to the babies made the woman's lips tremble. She drew closer to him. Then he went on speaking more rapidly:

"Mike Arnold, the old sneak!—but most likely he's dead, now; so I mustn't speak bad of him, —asked me this mornin' if I had 'heard the news.' I says 'no, and I don't want to hear no news from you.' I feel in my bones that there could be no good news from that man. But he would tell me; and, Maggie, the news half-crazed me like. He says, says he, 'The new railroad ain't goin' to be built.'"

The woman's face looked sullen in its bitterness.

"Well, I told you I was most crazed, and I called him a liar. And then he pounced on me, and, first thing I knew, Maggie, the man fell back dead. Oh! don't you look so cruel at me; I didn't do it. The man was cut, and I didn't have no knife. 'Fore God, Maggie, I swear —"

She interrupted him: "I don't believe you did it, Pete, but its awful for a woman like me. You will be hung; and my brother, that was promised a job too on the new road—he won't have no job. And the children will starve, and winter's comin' on. Them there folks at the mill have promised us the road."

"Maggie,"—the man's eyes were full of a sad beseeching,— "I cannot help it. Ain't you a bit sorry for me?"

"Yes, yes; but what good will being sorry do? Folks won't believe as you didn't kill him, and you should have thought of the babies and me before you fought him."

There is a curious hardness about people of this nationality—a practicalness that is almost appalling.

"Time's most up," said the jailor. "Only a minute more."

The woman went on:

"Besides, the man spoke true. There's no road goin' to be built, and we will have to starve."

"Curse that man and his mill! What right had he to promise us work and then cheat us this way? Curse him! I say."

"Won't do no good cursin', Pete; the thing is done. We will starve and you will be hung."

The man shuddered.

"Time's up," sang out the jailor.

"One kiss, Maggie; one for you and one for the babies. Say you are sorry. That's right! Ask Mr. Wilmar to help us. He is good, and he will."

The door swung slowly on its hinges and Maggie passed out. She crossed the bridge and, standing at the threshold of her tiny little home, looked in. All was neat and tidy. She even noticed the print on the walls, with its green figures of the rocky firds of Norway. Finally her eyes wandered aimlessly to the children, playing on the floor.

"They will hear about their father," she thought. And then she shut the door.

SECOND PHASE.

It was a quiet little house in the center of the village, a house that was surrounded by an old-fashioned garden of hollyhocks and everlastings, with prim little gravel walks about them. The whole place was suggestive of quiet contentment. It was a white, frame house with a small side-porch that was covered with vines. On this porch, darning stockings, sat a girl. Her eyes were bent upon her work, but her thoughts were far away. She made a pretty picture as she sat there—the sunlight falling through the green vines upon her bent head and burnishing its auburn tresses to a hue that was almost golden. The pale olive of her skin was slightly flushed with the excitement of her thoughts, and little quivers agitated her body. Suddenly she burst forth into a torrent of song—such song! It rang through the little garden and across the stiff, conventional street beyond; through the prim rooms of the house, also, startling her mother, who was making preserves in the kitchen, and causing her to run out hastily and to exclaim:

"Why, Theresa! you must not disturb people like that. Don't you remember that Mrs. Man's baby is ill next door?"

Yes, she remembered. Was there not always some reason why she should not sing—some reason why she should keep herself under restraint? But the next moment she was ashamed of these selfish thoughts and replied, in a sweet, low voice, "I am sorry, mother."

There was something pathetic in the tone. It was a tone of resignation which the girl had learned to use almost without knowing it. But there was nothing of protest or resentment in it; there was no room for these feelings in the gentle soul of this girl of twenty, the oldest in a family of ten. As she raised her deep, dreamy eyes to her mother's face, one had an instinctive desire to worship her—so deep was the revelation of life and character there seen. Within their depths was a soul that was almost visible. Wonderful eyes, this girl had; though not quite so wonderful as her true, loving, and deeply sympathetic voice.

As she sits there, alone once more, one cannot help wondering what her life has been. It is not hard to imagine. It has been a life spent in gentleness, kind deeds and beautiful thoughts. With one exception she had never left the village—and that was the most memorable year of her life. Her father had taken her to see the city, and she had heard Patti sing. The notes—the tones—the melody of that wonderful voice, had never left her. The rest of the visit had almost passed from memory, but that evening had been to her the awakening of her soul's true life. Up to that time she had lived the ordinary life of a village girl. She had been content with modest aims—had thought, as a matter of course, she should marry when she was old enough and have children and a home of her own. If some still, small voice whispered to her—"You have it in you to be more than this," she would smile and say, "How foolish you are, Theresa!" and forget all about it. But, after that evening, the voice would not be still. She felt that she must listen to its pleadings, and by degrees there



"Oh, Maggie! Won't you come to me?"

came to her a realization of the fact that God had given her a great talent. And then a restlessness, a divine sort of discontent, came upon her. She could not be satisfied with this life of endless, sordid work and unchanging monotony. She had known no other, it is true, yet she felt that there must be another—an artist's life! She despaired of attaining it, but she longed for it with all the longing of her deep and passionate nature. How she would work—study—suffer, to experience it! How could people live in this narrow, petty atmosphere of gossip and scandal? Oh, yes; she saw and appreciated the gentle kindness of these people; her's was not a nature to forget, in lofty aspirations, the sweet influences of simple human kindness. She did not condemn the life about her; she made the most of it. She never complained, but such a life did not satisfy her.

Day after day passed by, and finally the time

came when she need no longer be silent. Her younger sister was almost grown up, now, and she felt that they could spare her. Her father, she was sure, would listen to her. He could not understand her, but, then, she did not look for that. It had been part of her suffering, the past five years, to feel herself drifting further and further away from those she loved into that strange, inner life of hers, where she knew she must ever be alone. She had spoken at last. How well she remembered it! It was on a cold, winter evening, and she was standing before the fire, holding her father's hand. She could feel his love about her as he said, tenderly:

"Well, what does my little girl want to ask her poor old father? She knows he can refuse her nothing." How the flames leapt and danced through the windows of the glowing stove!

"Papa, I want you to let me go to the city and study voice-culture. I am sure I can learn to sing."

She remembered every word that followed—his promise to think about it—to talk it over with mother, and her sinking of the heart at that. And now—The girl tossed aside her pile of finished darning, leaned her head against the back of the chair and gave way to happy tears.

"I am truly going at last—at last! The best master, too! How I will work! I will repay them—I will be a great singer, like Jennie Lind, making all who hear me happy and better because of it. There was no limit to her ambition. Sometimes it almost frightened her, it was so great. "What right had she to expect more than others?" she would say to herself. "Was it not immodest and conceited?" But, no. She couldn't help knowing that God was good to her. That was all, and she raised her eyes in grateful prayer. She always raised her eyes when she prayed, because, she said, "God must like aspiration better than servility."

When she opened her eyes she saw her father coming up the walk, and her quick sympathy saw at once that something troubled him. Upon meeting him she asked:

"What's the matter, dear? Anything wrong?"

He did not answer her for a moment. He only caught the child-like figure in his big, burly arms and pressed her hand lightly.

"Can you bear it, Theresa?" he said, very softly.

She knew at once what he meant. Something had happened—something that threatened her cherished ambition. And only a moment before she had been so happy! But she must not let her father see her suffering; so she tried to smile. It was a sad little smile as she answered, slowly and gravely:

"Yes. What is it, father?"

"My little girl will know that it hurts me more to tell her than it does her to listen, won't she?"

She could only nod silently.

"Well, Theresa, I fear we must give up our plans for this winter. I have felt, dear, for a long time, that I could ill afford to send you this year. The store has not been paying well lately, and this morning I heard that the new railroad, on which I had counted much, is not to be built, and—"

"Never mind, papa, dearest. I can give it up. There will be much for me to do at home, I know, —and I shall be with you."

The sweet, brown eyes looked bravely into his, and, when he told his wife about it, he said: "After all, it was only a girlish disappointment; I had thought it meant more to her. I am sorry, though, for she has a beautiful voice and I would like to have it cultivated. Our choir-master, who has heard all the great singers, says it is wonderful. However, home is the best place for girls, and it may be the wisest course we could pursue."

"I am glad of it!" said the mother. "It is only a girlish fad, anyway."

Theresa stood where her father had left her, gazing drearly out on the flat, monotonous street. Up and down the thoroughfare passed the villagers, basket in hand, on their way to and from the stores and markets. The world was dark, and Theresa wished she were dead.

THIRD PHASE.

Every one said the Wilmar's had an ideal home. Surrounded as it was with magnificent trees and great, rolling grounds, it reminded one of an old, English country residence. There was a slope of emerald green, and winding far into the distance was a graveled roadway which ended at a great gate that was ever open for the reception of guests. The house itself was a rambling affair, and the porch that encompassed it was as large as an ordinary room. The furnishings consisted of broad divans, brilliantly upholstered chairs, swinging seats and hammocks, and here and there were tables covered with fruit,

flowers and papers—the very air of the place being laden with scent of home. It had the true home feeling. There was nothing extravagant or showy about it—only real, solid comfort, everywhere, and a certain artistic sense in the general effect which gave pleasure to the eye without causing special comment. The house was full of visitors, just now, and there was a merry babel of tongues. A party was to be given that night in honor of the youngest visitor, a daughter of the owner of the large lumber-mill in the village, five miles away. She was a pretty girl and possessed a vivacious temperament, sparkling eyes, and a mischievous curl of the lips. A certain latent coarseness of expression, which might be noticeable in after years, lent an added richness to the young girl's personality. Only a close student of character would notice it now. The average observer would be charmed by the fullness of the lips and their deep, red coloring. And, as she leaned back on the crimson sofa cushion, she was pretty enough to suit the most fastidious taste. Opposite her were two young men whom she was entertaining with a graphic description of the gown she was to wear that evening.

On the other side of the porch were a man and a woman—Mr. and Mrs. Wilmar. Theirs had been an ideal marriage. No two people were ever more perfectly adapted to each other. As they sat there on that lovely June morning, with the wife's bright and pretty fancy-work upon the table and her face full of sympathetic interest in what he was saying in the quiet, decisive way he had, one felt that if ever perfect happiness could be found, it would be here.

"What is that you are saying, Bert?" she asked, leaning forward slightly. "A murder? Peter in prison? How dreadful! Why, it seems almost wrong to have the party here tonight."

"I don't quite see that, Florence. It is not our fault; but, were I that girl's father,"—he looked at the laughing girl opposite,—"I never should forgive myself. It's a shame—and with those bonds in his possession, too! Of course, we all trusted him, as a man of honor, to keep his promise."

"It is hard to keep one's trust in people, sometimes, is it not, Bert? But I agree with you; this thing is a shame, and it will not improve his position in the town. The people do not like him any too well now."

"No. I am sorry; sorry for us, too. It would have improved our business to have had the road put in; but that is the least wrong done."

"What a queer thing life is, sometimes!" she interrupted, gently. "But you were going to say—"

"Nothing. What were you saying?"

"That life is a strange affair. We shall have to give that man a smiling welcome tonight, and tomorrow I shall be with the family whom his broken promise has ruined."

He took her hand quietly:

"Let this be a lesson to us, dearest. May it teach us never, voluntarily, to be untrue to the smallest promise."

"Ah, Bert, dear! you need no such lesson," the fond wife replied.

The guests were arriving. Brilliant lights illuminated the house and Chinese lanterns hung about the porch and grounds, casting a ruddy hue over the faces of the gaily-moving crowd. Ladies, in jewels and brilliant colors, talked, laughed, flirted, and fanned themselves languidly. Sounds of music floated on the evening breeze. As Theresa approached the house, driving slowly up the roadway, she could hear a woman's voice singing, and her heart beat quickly.

"Let us hurry, father; some one is singing."

A moment later she stood in the brilliantly-lighted parlor. She felt ill at ease in her simple, white gown, among those richly dressed

ladies from the city, but in a brief while the dainty refinement, and the artistic beauty, of the scene appealed to her, and when Mrs. Wilmar came to her side she was quite at her ease.

"Won't you sit down here, dear? I am sure you want to hear the music. My guest is just going to sing another song."

Theresa seated herself, her heart beating violently. Beside her sat a gentleman whom she did not know, though she was sure she had seen him somewhere.

"Let me introduce Mr. —, Miss Theresa."

It was the owner of the mill—the singer's father, to whom Theresa bowed stiffly.

The girl began to sing.

"Was that the way they sang in great cities?" Theresa wondered. "Why, the girl had no soul in her voice whatever!"

Just then the girl's father spoke:

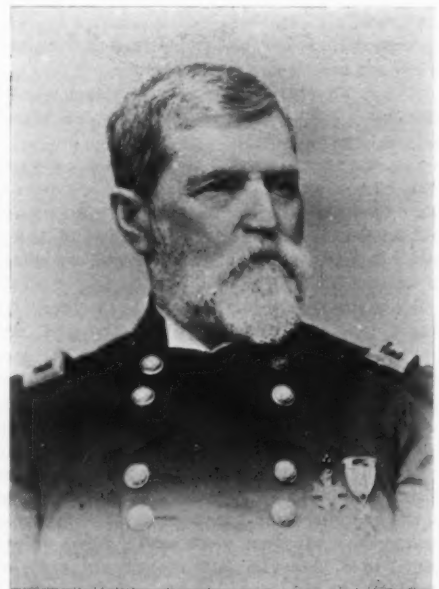
"My daughter is going to Germany to study. She has wished to do this for some time, and now—"

He stopped suddenly. He must not speak of making money to these people; they might not understand.

But Theresa did understand; and, notwithstanding the longing of her own heart and the memory of her own disappointment, she raised a smiling face as she replied, simply:

"Your daughter must be very happy."

That was all.



GENERAL JOHN GIBBON.

At the banquet of the Minnesota Commandery of the Loyal Legion, given in St. Paul on February 12 to celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, Judge Flandrau paid the following tribute to the memory of the late General Gibbon:

"You have probably been apprised of the fact that General John Gibbon, of the United States Army and commander-in-chief of the Society of the Loyal Legion, was expected to be present here to-night as the guest of honor of this commandery, and that, when he was in the midst of his preparations for his journey from his home in Baltimore to this city, he was suddenly and fatally stricken with an illness that ended in his death, just before his intended departure. At first, the Society thought best to postpone this entertainment to a future occasion, as a mark of proper respect for his memory, but, on reflection, another course was decided upon. The occasion of this meeting being in commemoration of the natal day of the immortal Lincoln, no event was

regarded as sufficient to interrupt its celebration.

"General Gibbon had attained nearly the prescribed limit of human life. He died at the age of sixty-eight, having left behind him a career full of honorable achievements; and, while we look upon his death as a national and social calamity, we accept it as one of the inevitable events in the great and universal scheme of life. Although the Society accords all honor to his fame, and will contribute to immortalize his virtues by their recognition in its annals, and by an expression of its sorrow, it cannot ignore the fact that life is for the living, and it is our duty to illuminate it, instead of enshrouding it in gloom.

"I suppose I was chosen to make this announcement for the Society, from the fact that my relations with the dead hero have long been of the most intimate and pleasing nature. I loved the man for his manly attributes. He was brave—not only in battle, but in thought, and in the fearless expression of his thought. Not always right; but, when convinced of the rectitude of an opinion, he was absolutely independent in its advocacy. No personal interest ever swayed his conduct; he was the embodiment of Justice for the sake of justice.

"On his social side he was exceedingly attractive. He was genial, kind, thoughtful, and unselfish to a fault;—full of humor, and fertile in its expression through anecdotal illustrations, he was the ideal of good fellowship.

"He was endowed with a strong mind, which he had cultivated to a high degree, as is witnessed by the many literary contributions to the world's knowledge which he has left behind him. It was this combination of attractive qualities that always kept him at the front and resulted in his attaining the highest honors and promotion that can attend the career of an American soldier,—his selection to the command of this honorable organization being the crowning tribute.

"General Gibbon was always a soldier. He graduated from the Military Academy at the age of twenty, in the memorable year of 1847, when the country was at the height of its struggle with the Republic of Mexico. He was launched into war in the very beginning of his activity and has served in every war we have had since, both savage and civil, with admirable skill and bravery—shedding his blood for his country on several occasions, and receiving his reward in well-deserved promotion in his profession, and in the gratitude of his countrymen.

"I express thus briefly and simply my personal views of, and feelings for, our departed friend. At a more fitting occasion, and by abler narrators, his history will be presented to the world by this Association in terms worthy of his fame. My sincere hope is, that his country will recognize his eminent services in a satisfactory provision for his family."

A BIT OF FORGOTTEN HISTORY.—At one time the entire Pacific Northwest was practically a county of Iowa. In 1843 the provisional government of Oregon adopted the statutes of Iowa that had been passed by that Territory in 1839, and at a subsequent session of the Oregon Legislature the revised statutes of Iowa were made the law for Oregon—which, at that time, extended north to the British boundary and east to the summit of the Rocky Mountains.

J. B. METCALF, a prominent New York broker, who was the president of a land company that bought from the Northern Pacific 121,000 acres of North Dakota land in 1889, died on the first of March. He was a man of many attractive personal qualities. He never visited the State where he invested a considerable fortune in wild lands and where he paid over ten thousand dollars a year in taxes.

PLACER MINING WITH THE HYDRAULIC DREDGE.

BY W. S. BRACKETT.

All over Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, there will be in the spring of 1896 the largest amount of careful prospecting for gold ever known in our history. The old fields will be gone over and new ones be examined. Along many of the large streams in Montana and Wyoming there was, last year, a great deal of scientific and costly prospecting done with a view of finding suitable placers for the operation of a novel and giant factor in such mining operations, namely, the hydraulic dredge. There are many extensive deposits of auriferous gravel in the beds and along the shores of large streams, particularly in Montana and Northern Wyoming, which can only be handled by the hydraulic mining-dredge. The most improved methods and machinery known in placer mining on a large scale, are utterly useless where the gold-bearing bed of gravel, sand, and rocky debris, lies beneath the surface of a stream or so low on the shore that it cannot be hoisted, controlled, handled and washed down by the giant hydraulic pipe and like machines hitherto in use in all our placer-mining districts.

In the past five years the improvements in the hydraulic dredge have been so great that all kinds of earth deposits, except rock stratum and hard-pan, can be cut up and be hoisted, removed and piped a mile or more at very small expense. The cost of such work, owing to improved machinery, is less than half what it was five years ago. A good hydraulic dredge will take hold of a mass of glacial debris full of boulders as big as a man's head, suck it all up through the powerful suction-pipes, and pipe it to the sluice-boxes located on the shore or on the dredge-boat.

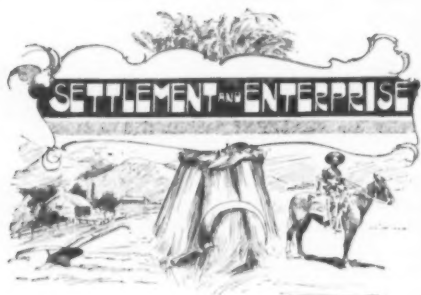
To operate a hydraulic mining-dredge requires, of course, a stream with water sufficient to float the dredge-boat. This is a big, flat-bottomed scow with the dredge machinery built on it—and, in some instances, with the sluice-boxes on the boat itself, winding from side to side to give sufficient length of sluice. The boat is anchored by a "spud-post," this being an upright spar passing through the stern and sharp-pointed, sticking down into the river bottom so as to hold the boat firmly. On this spud-post the dredge-boat swings as on a pivot. Thus the bow of the boat swings on a wide radius. Powerful knives or cutters are operated at the bow. These can be sunk to any required distance beneath the boat, or pushed out ahead to strike the shore both above and below the water-level. The cutters break up and loosen the soil, gravel or other deposit, and then the great suction-pipes take it up with their strong, centrifugal pumps. These suction-pipes are so adjusted that they follow the cutters and take up the loosened soil, whether it be at the bottom of the river or near the surface on shore. The gold-bearing soil is sucked up, together with all boulders smaller in size than the diameter of the suction-pipes, and, once lifted, the boulders and large pieces of rock are dropped out, by an ingenious mechanism, before the mass of mingled water and soil is deposited in the sluice-boxes. The conveyor-pipes for the mingled mass of water and soil lifted by the suction-tubes, may be made a mile in length if necessary. In some instances it has been found advisable to build the sluice-boxes for washing out the gold, on the boat itself. But it is found more desirable, in most cases, to locate these on shore at a convenient distance from the boat. The swift and powerful stream of mingled sand, gravel, mud and water, passes from the conveyor-pipe into the

sluice-boxes and the gold is washed out by familiar methods. A dredge-boat of this kind, bow on shore, will in a short time cut out a big slip or basin for herself that is safely removed from the river current. Of course, the water follows and floats the boat as she excavates and digs her way into the shore in any desired direction. The spud anchor is put down in a new place as fast as the dredge cuts her way inshore.

A number of these wonderful machines are now being constructed to be set up at various places in Northern Wyoming and Montana the coming spring, and a large amount of capital has already been invested, and will be invested, in them. One of the most remarkable of these hydraulic mining-dredges has just been built on Clarke's Fork of the Yellowstone at a point about thirty miles southeast of Red Lodge, Montana. As soon as the ice breaks up in the stream this spring, the dredge will begin operations. The placer-ground along this stream and its tributaries has been known for many years to be rich in gold, but has never been worked on a large scale; but capitalists have now taken hold of valuable claims at various points in that vicinity, and several hydraulic-dredges will soon be at work. A strong Eastern company has secured large holdings of the shore at the point named southeast of Red Lodge, and careful and thorough prospecting has shown the gold-bearing beds to be very rich and extensive, and to justify the building of one of the best-equipped and most powerful hydraulic mining-dredges ever constructed—with the latest and most improved devices which have, as already mentioned, been invented only in the past few years.

The vicinity where this novel machine will begin work in the spring, Clarke's Fork of the Yellowstone and its tributary streams, has long had the reputation among old-timers of Montana of being rich in gold. There are many traditions of rich discoveries made there in early times, and of prospectors being killed or driven off by Indians. One of the most notable of these stories is the discovery of a very rich placer somewhere above the canyon of Clarke's Fork, made in 1869 by Finley and Crandall. In the fall of that year these two men, with three others, went over from the Upper Yellowstone to Clarke's Fork. They prospected both above and below the canyon, and found some remarkable pockets that were rich in gold. Harassed by Indians and finding gold at various points, a very rich placer was found at last on one of the tributaries of Clarke's Fork, above the canyon. Three of the men left, not daring to remain, and brought back accounts of good discoveries. They disappeared from the country, and the bodies of Finley and Crandall were afterwards found above the canyon, dead in their camp, which was on a large creek flowing into Clarke's Fork. They had been killed by Indians—Arapahoes, as it was supposed. The stream on which they made their last camp has since been known as Crandall Creek.

Since that time, several old settlers of Montana have made prospecting tours over the ground where Finley and Crandall were the first to go. A number of promising finds of gold were discovered, but, as yet, the rich placer said to have been found by the two men has been searched for in vain. Many believe it will yet be located, and that it will be found somewhere on Crandall Creek; but the truth of all such traditions is so mixed up with fancy and fable that it is hard to get at. Certain it is, however, that there are rich beds of auriferous gravel at many points on Clarke's Fork of the Yellowstone and its tributary streams. Wherever it is possible to float a dredge and where the character of the gravel-deposit is favorable, it is safe to predict that, in the next few years, a large amount of work will be done by these improved and now popularized hydraulic mining-dredges.



Sensitive Products.

The La Conner (Wash.) *Mail* sticks closely to facts even if it does grow a bit facetious in the following lines:

"When you talk about there being a better State than Washington," it says, "every potato winks its eye, every cabbage shakes its head, every beet gets red in the face, every onion feels stronger, every oat-field is shocked, the rye strokes its beard, the corn picks up its ears and every foot of ground kicks."

Cannot be Gainsaid.

The year just past has again demonstrated what the soil of North Dakota can do. In the older parts of the State, it shows that after years of cultivation it is as productive today as ever. We need no fertilizers. The land is cheap, and if prices of products are low it is not the fault of the soil or climate. It is a fact that no State in the Union offers equal inducements to settlers and farmers. It is time that our people were making this fact known abroad.—*Jamestown (N. D.) Alert*.

From Illinois to Montana.

The Big Timber (Mont.) *Pioneer* says that a colony is being organized in Central Illinois to settle on Montana Government land. About forty families are planning to make the movement early in the spring. Montana has its mountains of minerals and its valleys of rich agricultural promise. It matters little what vocation a settler wishes to pursue, Montana is a field that will afford him every opportunity for following it successfully. It is making rapid headway in agriculture and horticulture, and will soon take rank with the best farming States in the Union.

A Farmer Invents a Straw Stove.

Mr. C. E. Ziegler, an ingenious farmer living a few miles south of here, says the Dawson, (Minn.) *Sentinel*, has practically solved the fuel question. He had made to order a straw stove for heating his house after the principal of a self-feeding coal stove. His stove is made of sheet-iron about two feet square and high enough to reach the second story of the house, where the straw is dumped in. The fire-box is made of brick, with a grate for cleaning out the ashes, and the pipe connecting with the chimney is near the bottom of the stove, so that only the straw in the lower end of the reservoir burns. Mr. Ziegler finds that his stove works all right, and he can laugh at the coal barons.

Shipping Idaho Apples Abroad.

Mr. J. D. McLeod, of Lewiston, Idaho, according to the Kendrick *Gazette* of that State, has been shipping a large quantity of choice apples from the Potlatch orchards to market points in Montana. The apples meet with great favor and shippers are certain to find a ready demand for all the fruit that can be grown in that famous region. The *Gazette* says:

"It is a source of extreme gratification to every fruit-grower and a matter of pride to every citizen, that the reputation we have for years enjoyed of producing the best keeping apples that are found anywhere, is now sustained in the new

market found by Mr. McLeod. It opens up a first-class means of revenue to our farmers and gives solid encouragement to fruit culture and to the careful selection of best varieties and the best way to pack and to preserve fruits."

Fish Culture in South Dakota.

Wm. Lillie and A. A. Brackett of Mitchell, S. D., have been engaged in a branch of farming that is novel, at least. They have a pond, covering about four acres and fed by a spring, which, three years ago, they stocked with four or five varieties of fishes. They are now taking out their first crop for market, and estimate that they will have at least five tons of fish for sale, chiefly buffalo fish, pickerel, and a few catfish. The buffalo fish, at three years of age, weigh five to ten pounds each. The fish are fed daily, the same as any other stock, and are caught with a seine when needed. The enterprise has been fairly successful, though the profit is yet to come. The fish have been placed on sale at the Labor Exchange in the city and are of excellent quality.—*Rapid City Journal*.

Washington Butter Regenerators.

The Palouse (Wash.) *News* is authority for the statement that two residents of that town, Dr. A. E. Severance and T. A. Flynn, have indeed struck the royal road to fortune. The *News* says: "For more than six months these gentlemen have been patiently and persistently experimenting with chemical solutions which would preserve butter in its fresh and natural state and keep it pure in spite of age and all the influences which render this greatest of all table delicacies not only uneatable but absolutely unapproachable and dangerous to the life of any one who dare taste of it, and they now announce to a long-suffering people that they stand ready to preserve butter in all its freshness and purity and for an indefinite length of time, at the trifling cost of about one and one-half cents per pound. They state, also, that they can reclaim the rank and rancid rolls, always found upon the markets, by extracting the putrefactions and dangerous bacteria life which has sent countless numbers to untimely graves. In six hours this discovery makes it as sweet and even purer than on the day it was churned."

What a Young Lady is Doing.

Miss S. M. Pollard has been farming with much success for nine years near Dugdale in Polk County, Minn. Except during harvest she conducts her farm without men help, doing her own plowing, seeding and harrowing. She recently purchased 160 acres of land adjoining her home quarter-section, which fact induced the editor of the Red Lake *Gazette* to make mention of the circumstance; and then, writing her a letter, he asked for further information, which brought the following reply:

"Your favor came to me duly, and in reply will say that I am not aware that I am an 'interesting figure in Polk County,' neither do I think my life of enough interest to take space in your worthy paper. I have never sought notoriety, and surely there is nothing in farming to draw out heroic deeds.

"The most eventful thing of my early life consisted in being born, and I was raised like any other child with wealthy parents. My father being a merchant, he placed me in his store when I left school, and it was there that I took my first lesson in business, which has since enabled me to hoe my own row through many discouraging circumstances.

"I came to Minnesota nine years ago to visit a brother and sister, bought this farm and, like 'Micawber,' am 'waiting for something to turn up.'

"If I have accomplished more than some of my neighbors, it has been by hard work and by attending strictly to business; for I had no knowl-

edge of farming and my first week on a farm was spent in Minnesota.

"One mistake I feel it my duty to correct: I do not wear male attire. When working on my farms I don a bloomer suit which consists of a short skirt that falls just below my knees, with pants to match. I am neither an Alice Mitchell nor a Dr. Mary Walker, but simply a farmer and with no claim to distinction."

A contemporary adds: "While Miss Pollard's modesty is becoming and her assertions that her life is ordinary are no doubt sincere, yet it is evident that a young lady who could successfully operate a large farm without counsel other than her own clear judgment, and add to her domain another quarter-section with the proceeds of a few years of farming, possesses energy, pluck and originality sufficient to distinguish her among more than ordinary women." To which we unhesitatingly say, Amen!

A Great State for Leather Industries.

R. H. Bauman, of the Tacoma (Wash.) tannery, says: "I can manufacture leather right here cheaper than the San Francisco tanneries can. There is an inexhaustible supply of matchless hemlock tanning-bark in Western Washington which I can get laid down in Tacoma for from \$3 to \$3.50 a ton, and which costs fully \$7 in the San Francisco market. I can purchase all the tallow needed in my business at two and one-half cents a pound in Pierce County, a commodity that cannot be had in California for less than three and one-fourth cents. I can purchase my own hides here and save the commission merchant's fees which the California and other foreign tanneries must pay when they buy hides abroad. There is enough hemlock bark in this State to supply all the tanneries in the United States for twenty years after the Pennsylvania and Michigan products shall be exhausted, which will not be for forty years to come at least. Right here let me say that the cutting and shipping of hemlock bark from this State offers a first-class opportunity to engage in a profitable business.

"I get my hemlock from Gray's Harbor, at present, but I know of an endless forest of excellent hemlock near Mount Tacoma, on which I expect to draw for future supply. The bark must be peeled between the first of May and the earlier part of July, before the tannin goes back into the tree. I find it necessary to use some chestnut-oak bark here at present, which I got from Olympia."

Progressive North Dakota.

At the recent Burns' anniversary banquet held in Devils Lake, N. D., A. M. Powell observed, in the course of his remarks:

"How significant is the fact, that in our young commonwealth 'Old Glory' floats over two thousand public schools and that her 63,000 pupils are taught daily by 3,000 teachers, not only the 'three R's,' but how to become good American citizens, reverencing God and respecting the equal rights of all! What prophet can even guess at the possibilities of our school system in future generations when, from time to time, the cash is realized—even at the minimum price of \$10 per acre—from the 2,404,000 acres of land reserved for our State public schools, and from the 596,000 acres for our other State institutions?

"Look at North Dakota's 1,000 church organizations and 400 church edifices in cities, towns, villages and rural districts, of all forms of 'orthodoxy,' 'heterodoxy' and all other 'doxies' and numbering over 75,000 communicants and having a total property value of one and one-half million of dollars! Visit our Keeley cures and our hospitals, where a holy benediction and a practical charity await the scores of suffering human beings borne across its threshold; note the support and patronage given to our music conservatories and to our art schools and the higher educa-



VESSELS UNLOADING CARGOES AT THE WHARVES OF DULUTH.

tional institutions of the State; mark well the boundless liberality of our citizens, who, out of private purses, are sustaining our State University and Normal Schools, an example unprecedented in the educational history of the entire nation.

"With pardonable pride we point to North Dakota's Chautauqua on the shores of our own enchanted lake. To the privileged membership of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle of the United States, our own State contributes eight hundred members. When we endeavor to recount the great and manifold privileges and advantages which we enjoy as American citizens, and especially as North Dakotans, how can we better voice our love of native land and prairie homes, and our prayer for Heaven's continued blessings, than in these ever memorable lines of Scotland's Shakespeare:

"O Scotia, my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace and sweet content."

A Serio-Comic Invitation.

Anyone at all familiar with the land herein described will tell you that the editor of the *Townsend (Mont.) Messenger*, from which paper the article is taken, has blended truth and poetry most felicitously in every one of the eloquent lines which follow. Hear him a moment:

"If you are old, with the fire of life dying out of you and the buoyancy leaving your limbs; if you are looking at the gray clouds overhead and longing for a land where your faded life may pass away in peace, come to Montana. Here the sky is as blue as the sky of Italy; the air is full of fragrance and the land echoes with the voices of thousands who work beneath the pale glimmering of the stars.

"If you are a young man toiling as your father toiled in worn-out and barren deserts of the East; if you would like to live where the soil rewards the toiler—where the golden grain waves and sparkles in the morning dew; where the banners of prosperity wave and the gaunt specter of starvation crosses into another country, come to Montana.

"There never was such a country for the best brand of husbands; they run loose on the streets

and you meet them everywhere. If you are a young woman full of golden visions and would like to pick up a husband on every mountain-side, come to Montana. Before many years every quarter-section will have a house upon it; the pine-clad mountains will be dotted with hoists, stamp-mills and thousands of men delving into them for their hidden treasures; and the foothills, that now only know the spangled cow and untrained bronchos, will echo to the heavy tread of the better grade of cattle and horses as the years sweep onward. The face of the earth seems to glow with beauty and health, and the people who live in this marvelous country go around congratulating each other and trying to analyze their goodness. Our cities are growing, and the railroads change their time-tables each week to accommodate new cities that were not on the last one issued. There is not a man idle who wants work. Farmers do their plowing sitting upon spring-seats, with a box of cigars on one side. In the East they walk behind their plow until they have no distinct idea whether they are shoving the machine or the horses are pulling it. The man who can't thrive, prosper and grow rich in Montana, would starve in a bakery. If you want to see how much this will assay to the line, come to Montana."

Plain Talk About South Dakota.

The South Dakota Immigration Association has issued a circular from the central office at Aberdeen, from which we quote as follows:

"No State has been less understood than our own, both at home and abroad. This error can be accounted for only by the extravagant, unwarranted expectations of those who have labored under the delusion that all agricultural States were identical in climatic conditions, soil and environments. This, most of us have found to be untrue. The system of farming adapted to the mountainous districts of New England, the clay soils of the Middle States, the sand districts of Michigan, Wisconsin or Canada, or the irrigated Coast Country, may not be entirely adapted to our own State. How many of us have given this subject reasonable consideration? We do know that conditions here are very favorable for stock-raising, dairying, wool-growing and for raising

poultry. Our grasses, according to the Government reports, are unsurpassed. Our soil is equal to the best in the world, and better cereals or finer flavored vegetables cannot be grown in any land. Our public schools are the pride of the Northwest, our churches are without number, our railroad facilities are unsurpassed by those of any State twice our age, and our markets are the whole world.

"The question arises, with all these natural advantages, why have we so much unoccupied land? Various reasons may be given. First, it is the outcome of unchangeable law, 'cause and effect.' Under our former land laws it was possible for each man or single person over twenty-one years of age to obtain control of 480 acres of land. This in itself was conducive to extravagance and induced many undesirable immigrants to our State—men who had made failures in every locality in which they had ever lived,—broken down politicians (a curse to any community);—young men, who did not want homes but who simply wanted something for nothing, and, as soon as title could be perfected to their lands, mortgaged the same, spent their money in riotous living and then returned home with a 'Western experience,' the mortgagee obtaining the title by foreclosure and Dakota cursed for the production of such imbeciles—while, in reality, we had nothing to do with it. Our land laws were too liberal, and have since been revised; the loan broker was too anxious for commissions; the machine dealer was too anxious for business at unwarranted prices; the chattel mortgage fiend was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Thus the bright prospects of many were ruthlessly swept before them, leaving a bitter experience and a depleted store-house.

"We have, extending for many miles into the eastern border, the prairies and climate of Iowa and Minnesota. This section is popularly known as the 'Big Sioux Valley.' Beyond this is the artesian basin, which we are just beginning to understand. West of this belt is the grazing land, and joining on the west of this range are the mines of the Black Hills. The State may be divided into four great belts, and each of these belts has peculiar advantages to which we invite the careful investigation of the homeseeker."



How to Freshen Rolls.

Rolls which have become dry can be freshened by dipping them quickly into water and placing them in the oven for two or three minutes until the water has dried. They will taste almost like new rolls.

For the Dining-Table.

One of the newest ideas for adorning the dining-room table is a combination of silk embroidery on linen with fish-net. This work involves very little labor and produces very pleasing results. Many of the fish-nets closely resemble patterns used for drawn-work, and these particular patterns are best suited for the purpose.

The Rubber Water-Bottle.

A rubber water-bottle is an indispensable article in every household, not only for its legitimate use, when filled with hot water, to relieve a sudden attack of cramps or to warm a pair of chilled feet, but in cases of typhoid or of brain fever it may just as easily be filled with ice-water or crushed ice to apply to the head. A severe headache may often be relieved by soaking the feet in hot water and then keeping them warm by its use, while sleep may often be induced by placing it filled with very hot water to the feet, which draws the blood from the brain.

How to Drape a Window-Curtain.

Fashion in window-curtains is just as capricious as in everything else, and not only in the curtains themselves, but in the way they shall be draped. She is continually ordering different ways. This season it seems to be understood that artistic folds are the correct thing. The curtain must be caught back far up, and then allowed to fall over the ribbon, band or cord that ties it. This rule applies equally to silk or wash-goods, and is certainly very graceful. Better still, it can be accomplished by one's own fingers, and there need be no long waiting for the upholsterer to find time to hang the curtain.

A Woman's Pocketbook.

What a miserable, slim little affair is the average woman's pocketbook! It looks small indeed if its contents are revealed, and when placed next the fat and comfortably-large wad of bills which her husband carries carelessly in his pocket, her funds seem infinitesimal. Men's ideas on the question of women's needs are often strikingly narrow, and, more often than we imagine, a married woman is woefully impecunious.

On behalf of such as these some business-like financial system should be introduced. A wife cannot, of course, have a full purse if her husband have an empty one, but a purse of some sort she should have for her separate use.

"Lady," "Madam," or Either?

To our mind the sweet term "Lady" is fully as expressive and much more deferential than the more formal "Madam," but a correspondent of the *Boston Traveler* insists upon the duty of the press to correct people not to say "Yes, lady," "No, lady," "Here is your change, lady," and so on, but to say in all cases—except to children—"Madam." He reminds one that Shakespeare made the nurse address the fourteen-year-old Juliet as Madam, and then goes on to say that "a young married woman is proud to be called

madam, and to call an old spinster 'Miss,' is anything but flattering, although, no doubt, many of them like it. Why not call every woman 'madam' (not ma'am), just as every man is called 'sir'?"

Shining Finger-Tips.

Polishing the finger-nails until they resemble an advertisement for stove or silver polish, is a crime against good taste. It ranks with the wearing of diamond earrings to market, and with other barbarities. The finger-nails need sufficient rubbing with the chamols brush after the hands have been washed to revive them from the dinginess imparted by the water, the *Philadelphia Times* says, but the rhinestone-like glow which was the pride of the well-manicured a few years ago, is considered atrocious now. The use of paste and of coloring matter to increase the luster is utterly abolished.

When You buy Canned Goods.

In buying tinned goods an eminent physician gives the following instructions: Reject every article that does not show the line of resin round the edge of the solder of the cap, the same as is seen on the seam on the side of the can. Reject every tin that has not the name of the manufacturer or firm upon it, as well as the name of the company or town where manufactured. When the wholesale dealer is ashamed to have his name on the goods, fight shy of him.

Press up the bottom of the tin. If decomposition is beginning, the tin will rattle just as the bottom of the oller of your sewing-machine will. If the goods are sound, it will be solid and there will be no rattle in the tin.

Reject every tin that shows signs of rust around the cap on the inside of the head of the tin. If housekeepers are educated on these points, then the poisoning by muriate of zinc amalgam will become a thing of the past.

Use of Mineral Oil in the Kitchen.

Tins in the kitchen feel the magic of mineral oil, and where long scouring was necessary to keep them bright and shining in the past, today the up-to-date cook dips her flannel cloth in kerosene, then into powdered lime or common whiting, and with these scours her tins into a likeness of the kerosene-cleaned mirrors, and all with only half the labor. Of course, they want a thorough rinsing in hot suds afterwards to free them of all odor, but the real toil of scouring is what she dreads, and not the quick and easy rinsing. If she has an oil-cloth on her floor, she adds a gill of kerosene to her scouring-water, dips a mop in the pail, passes it quickly over the painted surface, dries it with a flannel cloth, and with this slight effort leaves it polished and almost as bright as new; and an oil-cloth treated in this manner will outlast one that is scrubbed in the old way twice over. Many a housekeeper's heart, *Good Housekeeping* says, has gone nigh to breaking in despair over painted floors and balconies which showed every foot-mark and were only made dingy and dismal by all efforts to wash them out. A flannel cloth wrung out in cold water and well sprinkled with kerosene, makes a painted floor almost as easy to keep clean as one of the costly hardwoods, and the odor of the cleansing will pass completely away in half an hour. On balconies, indeed, or where the windows of the room are left open during the process, the smell evaporates so quickly as not to be noticed at all.

An Aesthetic Spokane Lady.

Among the boarders at one of the most fashionable up-town boarding-houses, says the *Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review*, is a lady who is nothing if not artistic. To suit her tastes in dress, in manner, in walking and in eating, one must be

artistic. A few mornings ago a couple of slices of toast were set at her place at the breakfast table, but, with a look of scorn, they were returned to the kitchen. A second plate was also returned, and, with anger flashing in her eye, she said to the neat waiting-girl, "Return those at once, for you certainly cannot expect me to eat toast so unevenly cut."

A couple of days later a plate of hot cakes, warm, brown, and looking so delicious as to tempt an epicure, was brought in to her. "Take them back at once," she said; "they are unartistically arranged, and so unsymmetrical in shape that I am sure I could never eat them." A few minutes later she was eating, with apparent relish, a dish of cakes where artistic arrangement and symmetry had been carefully attended to, but where the cook's art of good baking had been neglected.

A "Cobweb" Party.

One of the most novel and interesting parties ever given in Dillon, says the *Dillon (Mont.) Tribune*, was given recently at the home of one of our popular belles.

When the guests entered they were cautioned to walk carefully, not to move a chair nor to pick up their feet, and it was a necessary precaution, for the furniture and draperies seemed to be tied down with string—a veritable cobweb. The name of each guest was fastened to one end of a string, and by following the string, which went round table-legs, under chairs, over pictures, behind doors and under stoves, the weary searcher was rewarded by finding some token of remembrance at the end, many of which were very amusing.

It being leap-year, the gentlemen were brought in by a matron, each one having a card fastened to him telling of his qualities, naming his favorite flower, and offering him for sale.

By nutshell conundrums, partners for supper were found; the gentlemen finding questions in their shells, and the ladies having the answers in theirs.

Do You Know How to Breathe?

A gentleman gave good advice to a young lady who complained of sleeplessness. He said: "Learn to breathe, and darken your room completely, and you won't need any doctoring!"

"Learn how to breathe! I thought that was one thing we learned before coming into the world," the insomniac said, ruefully.

"On the contrary, not one in ten adults knows how to breathe. To breathe perfectly is to draw the breath in long, deep inhalations, slowly and regularly, so as to relieve the lower lungs of all noxious accumulations. Shallow breathing won't do this.

"I have overcome nausea, headache, sleeplessness, seasickness, and even more serious threatenings, by simply going through a breathing exercise, pumping from my lower lungs, as it were, all the malarial inhalations of the day by long, slow, ample breaths. Try it before going to bed, making sure of standing where you can inhale pure air, and then darken the room completely. We live too much in an electric glare by night. If you still suffer from sleeplessness after this experiment is fairly tried, I shall be surprised."

Dolies Still Popular.

No one can have too many dolies. Blue-and-white effects are very popular, and for Dresden, designs from old delft-ware can be used. Beautiful center-pieces and dolies twelve inches square are made to use under plates on the bare luncheon-table. They are of very fine linen with a very narrow hem-stitched hem. The flowers can be worked in a long and short stitch, with deeper shade of silk, while the fine lines and vines can be simply etched in the paler shades of silk. The

effect on the table is very charming; something like scattering a shower of blue blossoms over it.

Bicycling and Deformed Feet.

A chiropodist who numbers among his patients many of the wealthiest and most fashionable people, declares that he is glad of the spread of the cycling craze. When asked why this was so, he answered:

"In the first place, the majority of women ride in shoes entirely too tight and too narrow for them, and this causes great irritation. Then they pedal with the ball of the foot instead of with the center, and their toes are thrown out of joint. When one's toes are disjoined it is just as painful as a fractured arm, and you may be sure that the sufferer is glad enough to rush to a chiropodist. If women would only learn to ride in broad-toed, thick-soled shoes a trifle too large for them, and would bring down their weight on the center of the foot, wheeling would strengthen their feet and ankles instead of getting them out of gear. I believe that, after a while, this sport will bring about a revolution in women's shoes."

When the chiropodist's ideas were repeated to a dealer in shoes, he said:

"Bicycling has already caused one department in women's foot-wear. Women still cling to the pointed toes, but they call for much thicker soles than formerly, even in dress boots. So far that is the only change, but there is no telling what others the bike and time will work."

Good Manners Home-Made.

Children must be taught what the parents wish them to know. Teach them truthful, gentle ways, and they will be true and gentle. If a boy hears bad language from his father he will repeat it just as certainly as he has a tongue in his mouth; and if a little girl hears her mother gossip, she will gossip the moment she meets a playmate. People who devour their food like cattle must not expect their children to have nice table manners. Gentlemen and good women are home-made. There is nothing on earth for which we ought to be more thankful than for having been brought up in the atmosphere of a pure home. Such a home may be deficient in material comforts. A man as sturdy as an oak once said: "I was the son of poor parents, and

from my youth up was inured to self-denial and hardships, but I do not remember ever to have heard a word from the lips of either my father or my mother that was not as it should be." Better such recollections than a great inheritance.

About Troublesome Spots.

Spots in linen are often a source of great annoyance to the lover of the spotless fabric. There are various ways of removing these eye-sores. Kerosene oil poured through a fruit-stain before it is washed, will remove it upon washing. The yolk of an egg rubbed upon stains will also remove them if the article is washed afterward. The fumes from a lucifer match will also remove fruit-stains. Tea-stains are sometimes obstinate; pouring hot water through them is as effective as anything. If this is done before washing it will remove most tea-stains, though there is a difference in the coloring properties of teas. Ink-stains may always be eradicated by first soaking in milk, sweet or sour, and then washing well in good suds. White spots on furniture may be removed by holding a hot stove-lid near them. Flat irons will seem as smooth as glass if rubbed with beeswax. Kerosene oil is also efficacious. Rub the iron when hot, and then rub on paper until every suspicion of a stain is gone.

Sweet-Minded Women.

The following beautiful sentiments are taken from the Stevensville (Mont.) *Tribune*, and they are sentiments that every true-hearted man can respond to without reservation:

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her, that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her kindly hands works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting-room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influence, which acts as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit. We

all are wearied with combating the stern realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts and sneers of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instances of the influences that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

Answering a Child's Questions.

The moment a child is old enough to ask sensible questions he is old enough to receive sensible replies. The subject has been discussed again and again; yet the fact remains that the majority of parents become impatient at a child's question and utterly refuse to satisfy it. Of all the mistakes that can be made, the refusal to give an honest reply to a child's inquiry is one of the worst. There is a time when the brain of a child begins to develop—a time when he begins to think. And it is at just such a time that a child begins to inquire. He perceives that there are reasons for certain things, conditions and results, and his little mind turns to the older mind in search of these reasons. Don't snub a child. To do so is to be brutally unkind and pitifully unwise. Persevere in such a course, and it will cost the child's sweet confidence in your judgment—a result to be deplored by every father and mother on earth. Meet his questions with answers. Be wisely patient and carefully honest with him, and the day will come when you will thank God that you recognized in your child an unfolding human intellect that required nourishment.

Love That Hides.

I wonder if I ever told you of an old stump I had in a garden once? asks Mrs. Margaret Bottome, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. We had gone to a new church, and had a new parsonage, and, of course, I wanted to see what kind of a garden we had, and there, right in the middle of the garden, was as ugly a stump of a large tree as I ever saw. The question was, what should I do with that stump. One thing was certain, I could not get rid of it; the only thing I could do was to cover it. No one would have suspected, in a short time, that there was any stump there. It did not require much thought to see that soil deep enough could be placed on the top and all around, and that flowers could be planted and vines trained so that, instead of a thing of ugliness, you should only see flowers; and people said, how lovely!

Have you never seen women veil defects? I have. Oh, they know how to do it, with smiles and sweet words, and telling of all that was lovely in some one, and idealizing at that. You could only see the flowers they planted, and yet the ugly stump was there—but "Charity covereth." The most dreadful thing in a family is a calling of your attention to some fault or other in some member of the household. I have heard husbands speak of the fault of a wife, and have seen the wife try to cover the mistake of the husband in so doing. Oh, it is so pitiful! Cover! cover! Say lovely things of one another before friends. You might better err on that side than on the other. I wish young husbands and wives would not act as if there were no need of cultivating what they have. Some act so foolishly, as if they should say of a garden, now that it is mine it will grow anyway. No, it won't; you will have to care for the flowers that are yours. Far be it from me to excuse any one from not being true to marriage vows, but women live on what first won them. They can't live very well on mere legal ties, and many a young wife is exposed to fearful temptations. Even love is a talent which can only grow and increase as we take pains to nurture it!



A BIT OF FEMININE SARCASM.

Soulful Adorer—"My dear Miss Smith, the sentiment I have just expressed I have treasured up in my heart for months, waiting for this opportunity."

"Third Party—"The poor thing! How lonely it must have been in there so long without company!"

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

A Pen Portrait of a Great Business House.

Above all the creations of art or the discoveries of science, are those more practical vocations which are to other human employments what the motive power is to an engine. It is the wealth and greatness attained in the world of trade and commerce that give encouragement to art and furnish a never-ceasing incentive to scientific effort. Go where one will, and observe as one may, the conclusion is inevitable that the one great agency upon which mankind leans for support, comprises the comparatively small army of men whose superior abilities have lifted them above the masses and made them shining examples—not of success in art, nor in science, nor yet in state-craft or war, but of solid achievement in the larger and mightier field of business. It is not of prints and woolens and notions that one thinks when roaming through a mammoth wholesale dry goods house like Lindeke, Warner & Schurmeier's, whose great factories and warehouses are at the corner of Fourth and Sibley streets, in St. Paul, but, instead, the thoughtful mind at once reverts to the looms that produced these fabrics—to the minds that constructed the looms—to the millions of skilled hands that operate all this machinery—and, finally, to the trade and commerce which create a demand for these products of mind, labor and loom, and distribute them broadcast throughout the civilized world.

Of course, these immense wholesale interests were not built up in a day. For instance, it is about twenty years since the firm named above began to do business in this city, during which time it has seen the State of Minnesota and the great Northwest grow from infancy into sturdy manhood. That the house has kept pace with this growth, is a fact too well-known to be here repeated. It is said to be the largest wholesale dry goods establishment in the Northwestern country, and certain it is that the tremendous volume of business transacted is as great a source of pride to St. Paul as it is of wonderment and jealousy to competitors in the East. So strong is the house financially that it is not only able to extend to customers the same line of credits given by Eastern rivals, but it is also able to buy all its goods on a cash basis, anticipate bills, and to thus enter foreign and domestic markets prepared to command the most favorable terms. The territory covered comprises Wisconsin and Iowa as well as those States which lie between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Coast. All competition is met fairly, fully and easily. When one stops to think that the firm occupies a vast building equivalent to an area 150 feet square, every floor and basement of which is filled with merchandise, one will more readily comprehend its ability to carry just as large lines of goods as can be found elsewhere. For this and for other reasons which prove of no small value and advantage to Northwestern retailers, Messrs. Lindeke, Warner & Schurmeier experience no difficulty in meeting the strongest possible rivalry. Their business has shown continuous growth from the outset. The year 1895 was

an especially good year; yet, good as it was, the outlook for 1896 is now so flattering that the firm anticipates doing the heaviest volume of business in all its history. A statement of this kind speaks as well of the wonderful recuperative powers of the Northwest as of the firm's ability to hold and to extend its trade.

But the goods seen in this wholesale hive were not all manufactured in Eastern or European factories. A brief trip in an elevator takes a visitor to the upper floors of the building, where the most careless glance will reveal the fact that Messrs. Lindeke, Warner & Schurmeier are extensive manufacturers themselves. Truly speaking, it is a furnishing-goods' factory, since the output comprises nearly everything in those lines. The heavier products consist of fine cassimere and all kinds of pants, jeans, cottonades, duck-lined coats and mackinaws, overalls, etc., but of still greater importance are the very complete lines of negligee shirts made. These garments are known all through the West as the "Capital City" shirts, and they are probably the best-known and most popular goods in the market. The variety is ample and includes the finest under-garments in Scotch flannel and silk madras fabrics, and all kinds of shirts for workmen. One thing that characterizes these goods is the uniformity of their make and finish. Particular attention seems to be given even to the smallest detail. In other and similar factories visited by the writer, a close inspection of such garments not infrequently discovered to the eye gross neglect of detail—the durability of the articles being evidently of secondary consideration. But not so here. In this factory, the idea that is uppermost seems to be the manufacture of garments which, once worn, will thereafter recom-

mend and sell themselves. You may pull on the buttons, test the buttonholes and try the quality of the cloths, but the buttons will be found firm, the buttonholes well-worked, and the material equal to any strain. So it is not at all surprising that there is an ever-increasing demand for the products of this factory throughout the region tributary to St. Paul. It is, indeed, upon just this principle that the firm has done business all along, and it is to such methods, doubtless, that it owes the commanding position which it occupies in commercial circles.

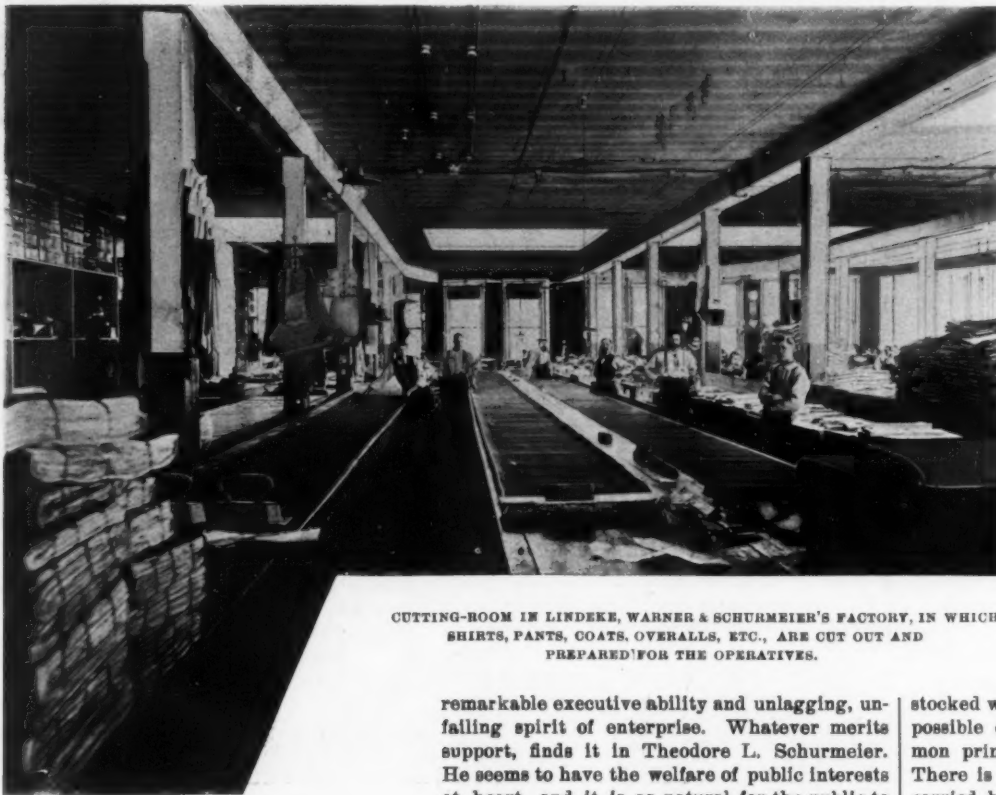
After visiting factories and workshops where God's free air and pure sunshine appear to be studiously shut out, and where sanitary precautions are regarded as of no moment and the health of employees is utterly ignored, it is a revelation to enter such factory-rooms as we illustrate in this number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE. Every floor is made of hardwood, and is as clean as marble. There is an abundance of warmth in the winter, and a world of cool, refreshing air during the summer months. Beyond a doubt, they are the cleanest, best-lighted and best-ventilated factory-rooms in the Northwest. The machines are operated by steam-power furnished by the firm's own plant, and they represent the best and most modern sewing-machines that money can provide. Electric lights are also supplied by the firm, the entire premises being heated and lighted in the manner described. Nothing is lacking to constitute these ideal factory-rooms. A glance at the well-dressed and thoroughly good-looking operatives, several hundred in number, satisfies one that they are well-paid and contented, and that their work is not in the least burdensome or oppressive. Steady employment is furnished them the year round—a blessing to St. Paul as well as to those who, deprived of such work, would perhaps find it difficult to command the comforts and necessities of life.

The capacity of the factory complete ranges from 800 dozen to 1,000 dozen finished garments per week. In other words, this house throws upon the Northwestern market from 499,200 to 624,000 manufactured articles of wear annually. The money realized from these goods goes to sustain the industrial interests of this city and to feed, clothe and house an important component part of St. Paul's population. It would be difficult to point to a better illustration of the truly beneficent nature of well-employed capital.

To carry on this great mercantile and manu-



THE WHOLESALE DRY GOODS HOUSE OF LINDEKE, WARNER & SCHURMEIER, ST. PAUL, MINN.



CUTTING-ROOM IN LINDEKE, WARNER & SCHURMEIER'S FACTORY, IN WHICH SHIRTS, PANTS, COATS, OVERALLS, ETC., ARE CUT OUT AND PREPARED FOR THE OPERATIVES.

facturing enterprise properly requires an army that numbers 400 to 500 employees. The business is conducted on the departmental plan, each department having its responsible head and buyer, the whole being subject to the authority of the chief executives. As long and patient study is the cost of success in professional careers, so also are skill, judgment and experience the prerequisites to eminence and lasting prosperity in the mercantile field. Not one of the men who rank as department chiefs in this house attained his position through favoritism. It will be found that merit underlies each advancement. Promotion is open to all alike, but it is given upon the score of capability alone.

Fortunate indeed, are these hundreds of employees, in having over them men of so high character and ability as Messrs. A. H. Lindeke, R. Warner and Theodore L. Schurmeier, the gentlemen who comprise the firm. Messrs. Lindeke and Warner have devoted the major portion of their lives to merchandising, and are everywhere recognized, in the East as in the West, as men holding high rank among the merchant princes of this country. Equally strong words may be spoken of Mr. Schurmeier, who has charge of the finances and credits of the house. No three men are held in higher esteem in St. Paul—and from this city to the Coast, than the gentlemen named. They are known as honorable, progressive men and enterprising, public-spirited citizens. They are beloved by their employees, also, to whom they are always kind and considerate. At the recent Northwestern Immigration Convention, held in St. Paul, Mr. Schurmeier was unanimously chosen president of the same; and, later, he was made president of the permanent Northwestern Immigration Association, the presidency of the Minnesota State Immigration Association also devolving upon him. He was thus honored because of his

remarkable executive ability and unlagging, unflinching spirit of enterprise. Whatever merits support, finds it in Theodore L. Schurmeier. He seems to have the welfare of public interests at heart, and it is as natural for the public to turn to him for counsel and assistance as it is for the employees of his house to rely upon the equity of his judgment. Men of this character are worth everything to a community. Their wealth never destroys; the tendency of their influence is always upward and onward.

At the head of their respective departments will be found the following well-known buyers: Domestic department, Charles O. Krieger; prints,

stocked with immense lines of dry goods of every possible description and variety and from common prints to the finest fabrics manufactured. There is no need of going farther, for the stock carried here is the equal in every respect of those carried by Eastern jobbers. The lines are complete. In magnitude of stocks and in prices, terms and all other particulars, this St. Paul establishment is the peer of any in the country.

To write of such a house and to illustrate such enterprise is to render a service to the entire Northwest. It is to give the public a look behind the scenes, as it were—a look which reveals unknown wealth of resources instead of tinselled

Charles P. Nienhauser; dress goods, J. M. Forest; woollens, A. M. Clerihew; notions and hosiery, E. B. Hubbard; underwear, Reuben Warner, Jr.; white goods, upholstery, carpets, etc., Joseph F. Spranger; superintendent of factory, Martin Pfaff.

The resident buyer in New York City is the veteran Andrew Barr, whose office is at No. 51 Leonard Street. There is not a more competent or successful buyer in Eastern markets, and Mr. Barr is justly valued by his principals. Each of these gentlemen, as stated elsewhere in this article, occupies his position by virtue of fitness and capacity. Members of the local staff make periodical visits to the great markets, and have entire supervision of the departments allotted to them in severalty. They are a strong, earnest, competent body of men, and to their zeal and efficiency is due, in no small measure, the splendid prosperity of this popular firm.

When a retail merchant is shown through these various departments, he will find them



A SECTIONAL VIEW OF LINDEKE, WARNER & SCHURMEIER'S FACTORY, SHOWING OPERATIVES AT WORK IN THE FURNISHING-GOODS DEPARTMENT.

misery and poverty. St. Paul takes honest pride in all its mercantile and industrial enterprises, but not one has higher claim to her admiration than the business founded and so successfully conducted by Messrs. Lindeke, Warner & Schurmeier.

Advantages of Montana.

In an interview with President Theodore L. Schurmeier, of the Northwestern Immigration Association, in which he was asked his opinion of Montana as a State for settlers to migrate to, Mr. Schurmeier speaks as follows:

"Montana has demonstrated itself to be one of the most desirable States in the Union for the prospective settler, whether it be the farmer, the miner or the lumberman. Nowhere have enterprising people been more richly rewarded for their efforts than in that State.

"Extending, as it does, over a distance of nearly 700 miles east and west, and 200 miles north and south, and great as is its prosperity and remarkable as have been its rewards to the individual, yet I do not believe that this fact is as generally known and appreciated as it should be throughout the Eastern part of the country; for, with all its advantages, the State possesses a population of barely one person to each of its 143,000 square miles of area. Notwithstanding this very small population, the State is as large a tonnage producer as other States in the Union possessing ten times its population.

"Some idea of the magnitude of its mineral resources may be had when we realize that this handful of people have taken from its mines of gold, silver, copper and lead a product of a value of \$553,620,925, from 1862, when gold was first discovered, to the present time.

"The State has the largest and most productive copper mines in the world, whose output was of a value of \$17,233,718 for the year 1894, with a total production of a value of \$144,216,899 in the last twelve years, since the State became a copper-producer.

"There has been produced \$207,998,425 in the last eighteen years since it has been a silver producer, with a product of \$16,575,458 for 1894; and \$193,941,478 of gold in the last thirty-two years, during which it has been a gold-producing State, with a production of the yellow metal of a value of \$3,601,410 for 1894. The astonishing magnitude of its mineral productions, as compared with its small population, can be understood; but, overwhelming as are these figures, there is every reason to believe that, on a most conservative estimate, its mineral resources are but in the early youth of their possibilities.

"Extensive bodies of unworked gold placers exist both east and west of the Rockies, while promising lodes of silver, copper and lead, are being continually discovered, and are only waiting for capital and energy to become large and profitable producers. Montana, in fact, affords the most attractive field for a careful, conservative investment of money in its mines, by men who are willing to study and acquire a practical knowledge of mining matters. Hundreds of acres of gold placers still exist at Confederate Gulch and other points east of the range, and along the Deer Lodge and Little Blackfoot rivers and their tributaries on the western slope of the Rockies. These are awaiting the investment of sufficient capital to convey water to them to wash out the gold in the rich, auriferous clays and gravels.

"For the farmer, Montana has been, and is still, a highly desirable field for occupation. The State makes a wonderful showing in average



MAIN OPERATING ROOM OF LINDEKE, WARNER & SCHURMEIER'S FACTORY.

yields of crops per acre, which, according to the official reports, is as follows: Wheat, 25.9 bushels per acre; rye, 29.2 bushels; oats, 38.8 bushels; barley, 44.1 bushels; corn, 36 bushels, and potatoes, 168 bushels per acre. These very large averages are caused largely by the practice of irrigation, and crop failures, in that State, are unknown. Long, dry days and sunshine mature all these different crops, and they are of a quality which insures for them the highest market price. In addition to the large yield and magnificent quality of the various crops produced in the State, it possesses a very important advantage in a home market at profitable prices for all agricultural products. This is caused by the demand from the numerous mining-camps situated throughout the central and western part of the State; and, while irrigation is the principal method by which farming operations are carried on, there are quite considerable areas, especially in the western part of the State, where the rainfall is sufficient for farming to be carried on without irrigation.

"No part of Montana is a desert country; every part of the State has sufficient rainfall to nourish a luxuriant growth of grasses of the most nutritious character, and the great, rolling, elevated plains in the eastern part of the State mature cattle, horses and sheep in the greatest perfection and by the hundreds of thousands. For the small farmer who will engage in mixed stock and grain-raising, the various agricultural valleys offer the most inviting inducements, and the numerous rivers and creeks, pure as crystal, dashing down the mountain-sides, make the State one of the best watered in the Union. Few farms in the agricultural valleys are more than ten miles from timber, which grows luxuriantly either along the streams in the plains section, or along the mountain-slopes in the mountainous part of the State.

"Statistics show the State to be the third in point of public health in the Union, and the vigor and health of the people are always subjects of favorable comment to visitors from the

East. This is caused by the moderate elevation, and the extreme purity of the air wafted down the snow-clad slopes of the mountains to the warm, sunny valleys.

"Of the public lands of Montana 10,365,367 acres have been already appropriated by settlers, leaving 72,765,315 acres still open for entry under the Government land laws.

"It is but just to say that a great majority of the unappropriated lands are grazing-lands which can never be cultivated, because water for irrigation cannot be supplied them; but, notwithstanding, there are millions of acres of timberlands, bench-lands, and, in some sections, valley lands, which are yet open for entry under the public land laws. The Yellowstone Valley, with a climate so mild that melons and fruit are successfully raised, is now developing rapidly; the Milk River and Missouri River valleys offer many thousands of acres of unappropriated public lands of great value; the bench-lands fringing the Little Belt and Bear Paw mountains are now being occupied by a sturdy class of settlers, while the Flat Head Valley, the Bitter Root Valley, the Deer Lodge Valley and other valleys west of the main range, are highly productive and capable of still further development as farming regions.

"Ten or twelve million acres of the State are covered by splendid timber, composed of cottonwood and other deciduous trees, along the streams, and majestic forests of pine upon the mountain slopes. Immense quantities of lumber are used in building and mining operations, while the fuel question is settled forever by the thousands of square miles of coal-beds which underlie the central and mountainous regions of the State.

"There are many farmers in the Eastern States who, if industrious, temperate and frugal, could vastly improve their condition by removing to the fertile valleys and bench-lands of Montana, the 'Treasure State,' the 'Land of Shining Mountains.'

"The State is already well occupied by day laborers who work for wages, but it offers a field

for the agricultural settler, the lumberman or the mining man, who desire, of their own account, to develop its rich resources, as yet but barely touched and which cannot be excelled. This class cannot make a mistake by locating in that grand State."

A Proud Example of Northwestern Enterprise.

Down on East Third and Broadway streets, in the city of St. Paul, is a great wholesale house that fairly illustrates the wonderful growth and phenomenal development of the young Northwest. It is the headquarters of Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Company, one of the largest, wealthiest and best-known wholesale hardware companies in the United States. The business was founded, in a small way, away back in 1859. But it had within it the elements of growth and so, year by year, it pushed its way from field to field and from smaller buildings to larger ones, until, in 1887, it became incorporated under the company name now used. When, after the fifth removal into larger quarters the continued growth of the business necessitated still another change, the company decided to erect the immense building which it occupies today and which it took possession of on the first of January, 1895. Constructed of pressed brick and for the especial accommodation of heavy wares, it is a strong, massive building 93x202 feet in dimensions, six stories and basement in height, and containing 150,000 square feet of floorage. Along its entire length is a private railway track that will hold five cars at one time, thus enabling the company to receive goods at, and to ship them from, its own doors direct. It is furnished with all the latest conveniences for the rapid transaction of business, and is pronounced one of the most perfectly constructed, arranged and equipped wholesale hardware houses in the country.



THE WHOLESALE HARDWARE HOUSE OF FARWELL, OZMUN, KIRK & CO., ST. PAUL.



FARWELL, OZMUN, KIRK & CO.—SALES DEPARTMENT.



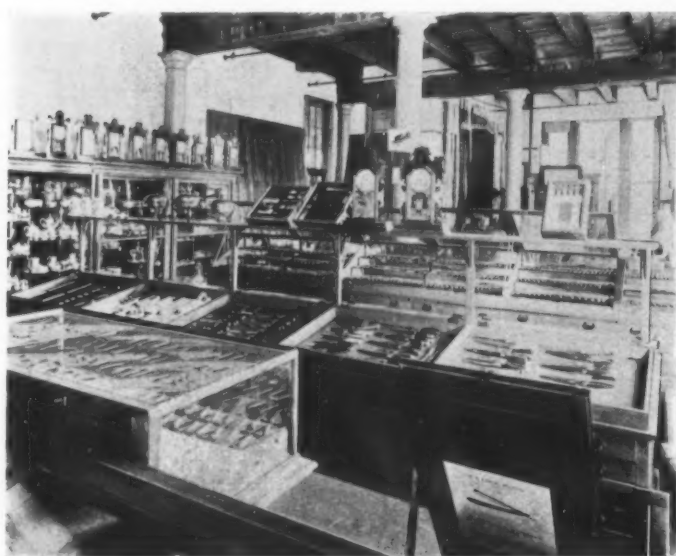
FARWELL, OZMUN, KIRK & CO.—BUYING DEPARTMENT.

have forged ahead. Where many jobbers faltered and feared and began to draw in their resources, Messrs. Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Company fortified hope with hope, extended their commercial territory and employed their resources in developing new conquests. The result is self-illustrative.

As one enters the building via the main entrance on Broadway, one is ushered into the immediate presence of a large force of employees, this portion of the first floor containing Messrs. Strong and Kirk's private offices, the spacious sales department, a small army of typewriters and the general counting-rooms. It certainly constitutes an impressive scene. It is not necessary to ask of the volume of business done here, for this large and busy office force tells the story at a glance. Only a house of first magnitude could employ these scores of accountants and correspondents. The total of the annual sales is unknown, but it must run into the millions. This is an eloquent tribute to the masterly ability of the men whose clear judgment and whose capital, energy and enterprise have guided their commercial venture through perilous times to its present eminence and security. That lasting credit is due them—credit from city, State, trade and country alike, will be acknowledged by all who know how to value great mercantile interests.

The officers of the company are: President, F. P. Strong; vice-president, O. A. Bostwick; treasurer, R. A. Kirk; secretary, F. A. Bostwick—gentlemen who need no introduction to the trade, and whose names stand for business integrity and large commercial enterprise. Not for one moment have these gentlemen questioned the resourceful nature of the Northwest. They plumed their faith to it, so to speak, years ago, the magnificent trade which they have built up serving as all-sufficient evidence of the correctness of their views. Where others have hesitated, they

Like all immense businesses of today, the one in question is operated under the department system, the whole being subject to the chief executives, whose supervision is general rather than special. At the head of the sales department, and of all the salesmen, as well, is Frank W. Hurty, a man who knows the entire business by heart and whose executive ability has made him prominent in St. Paul commercial circles. His knowledge of details is thorough and his control of men is such as to make him peculiarly fitted for the various obligations of his position. The general buyer of the house is C. H. Bigelow, Jr., one of the most competent buyers in the Northwest. Then come Frank B. Platt and Frank E. Whitman, who are in charge of the house-furnishing goods, tinner's tools and supplies and locks and builders' hardware; F. A. Bostwick, of the gun and sporting-goods department; J. W. Punderson, of the cutlery department; C. D. MacLaren, in charge of credits, one of the most important positions a man can hold; H. W. Davison, who manages the butchers'



FARWELL, OZMUN, KIRK & CO.—SECTION OF SAMPLE-ROOM SHOWING CUTLERY, SILVERWARE AND CLOCKS.

supplies division; James Learned, of the city department and A. J. Holmes, who is in charge of the large line of bicycles carried by the house. It is a strong and efficient staff. Every man knows his department perfectly—knows the character and condition of the stock—it contains its market value and all about it. That is what these men are for. They become department experts. They know just what wares the trade in their territory can use, and the probable demand therefor. The head of a department in a great business has it in his power to retard or to advance the interests of his employers. Much depends upon his individual judgment. Neglect and carelessness are fatal. In a word, such men must be thorough—competent.

Perhaps the most interesting department in the whole establishment is the company's superbly appointed sample-room. It is conceded to be the largest, best-arranged and equipped sample-room in the U. S. The space occupied exceeds 4,000 square feet and is on the first floor of the building. It is divided into systematically arranged sections, these sections comprising guns and sporting goods, bicycles, cutlery and silverware, mechanics' tools, builders' hardware, miscellaneous hardware, household furnishing goods, tinners' tools and supplies, etc., etc. Each section is designated by handsome steel signs that are blue-enameled, have white letters, and are readable from either side. A very advantageous feature is the arrangement of all samples in such a manner that every article may be handled and examined as well as seen. The cabinets, show-cases and platforms are all of quartered oak and antique finish, while the hardware used in trimming the sample-room is bronze metal of old-copper finish and of special design. All these fixtures and furnishings catch the eye at once. Their very novelty is attractive. The old way of displaying samples has no place here, the methods employed being original as they are effective. A peculiarly satisfactory feature is found in the conveniently constructed wire racks. They are three in number, about twenty feet long by twelve in height, and admit of the sampling of hundreds of articles without shutting

off the light or at all interfering with a proper examination of the stock. Each of the cabinets—and the entire sample-room, in fact, is especially arranged for convenience in showing and selling goods. Not one article is hidden. A retailer can enter this room, name the line of goods he wishes to look at, and in a moment have placed before him a complete assortment of the wares desired. There is no overhauling to be done. So perfect is the display that every article is seen separately. Confusion is unknown and impossible. It is as convenient for the buyer

from the city jobbing department and one from the private home office of the traveling representatives.

On the same floor and to the rear of the sample-room is the shipping department. It is 50x100 feet in dimensions and is equipped with two large receiving and shipping elevators. One of the prominent and interesting features of this room consists of an inclined plane for convenience in handling heavy boxes, etc. It is a regular toboggan-slide, down which boxes of goods may be sent swiftly, but as silently and safely as if handled by hand. The shipping, receiving clerks and their assistants have private offices in this room, and they, together with the order force and stock clerks, are under the immediate charge of E. L. Merrill. Of all the departments in a big house, none is more important than the shipping department. The most perfect system must prevail. Mistakes are costly and cannot be tolerated. In both packing and in shipping goods, care and promptness play important parts, also. But these men become so trained to their work, so disciplined under good management, that the vast business of the company is attended to from day to day with the same precision and exactness that characterize the operation of a railway system.

On the first floor above the main office is the private office of Mr. Merrill and the entry clerks. Two rooms on this floor, each 50x100 feet, are devoted to the laying out and packing of orders. One room that is likewise 50x100 feet in dimensions is allotted to the firearms department, which is in charge of T. J. English. In a room 50x50 feet in size is found the company's enormous stock of cutlery and silverware. The rest of the space on this floor is given over to stock, as are also the remaining five floors of the building. Down in the basement are kept such wares as nails, barbed-wire, tin-plate, grindstones and all the heavier goods, their nearness to the railway track making this a very convenient shipping and receiving point. The warehouse of the company, which contains 30,000 square feet of floorage, is on Fairfield Avenue in West St. Paul. It has a track



FARWELL, OZMUN, KIRK & CO.—SECTION OF SAMPLE-ROOM SHOWING A PORTION OF THE MISCELLANEOUS HARDWARE AND HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS.

as it is for the seller, since each piece of stock can be seen and inspected at one's leisure, yet without an instant's delay. If this description seems at all incomplete, as it certainly is, it is because it would be quite impossible to enter more deeply into details in so brief a paper. Besides, something must be left for the merchants of the Northwest to see for themselves when they visit Messrs. Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Company to make their periodical purchases of stock. The sample-room may be approached via three entrances—one from the main office, one



FARWELL, OZMUN, KIRK & CO.—SECTION OF SAMPLE-ROOM SHOWING A PORTION OF BUILDERS' HARDWARE AND MECHANICS' TOOLS.

right to its doors and is well adapted to warehouse purposes. Before leaving these departments it may be observed that expert eyes are not required in order to see that every line of goods is complete and that the stocks carried are of the largest magnitude. Never has the writer seen so complete and so mammoth a collection of wares called for in the wholesale hardware world.

All these thousands of articles are catalogued. The general hardware catalogue that was issued by the company on January 1 of the present year, comprises 1,325 illustrated pages and is probably one of the most complete of the kind ever published. Dealers will have a copy furnished them gratis upon application. There are also department catalogues for guns and sporting goods, fishing tackle, cutlery and silverware, bicycles and cycle sundries, tinnery tools and supplies, and an architects' edition of builders' hardware—



FARWELL, OZMUN, KIRK & CO.—SECTION OF CUTLERY DEPARTMENT—LAYING OUT ORDERS.

tion and distributing facilities and a reputation second to none in the country, the aggressive policy of the company has made, and will continue to make, its name known in every foot of territory that can be worked profitably from St. Paul. The simple statement that the year 1896 bids fair to exceed all previous years in the volume of business done by Messrs. Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Company, speaks more for their popularity, financial ability and commercial methods, than any mere words. We may illustrate their vast achievement and publish articles in praise of it, but to them alone is due the credit of establishing this proud example of Northwestern enterprise.

Lake Traffic at Duluth.

The first report ever issued of the combined lake traffic of Duluth and Superior, giving their actual totals, was sent out recently from the United States engineer's office



FARWELL, OZMUN, KIRK & CO.—A SECTION OF THE PACKING-ROOM.



FARWELL, OZMUN, KIRK & CO.—A SECTION OF THE GUN DEPARTMENT—LAYING OUT ORDERS.

for architects only. These catalogues call for a large outlay of money, but they are essential features of the business and without them the retail trade would suffer great inconvenience.

In conversation with Mr. Kirk, the treasurer, who is one of the chief executive officers of the company, it was learned that the house has thirty traveling salesmen—who, by the way, have a well-appointed private office for their individual use when in St. Paul—and a total force of employees numbering 149. The territory covered is far more extended than that usually sold to by Northwestern jobbers, including as it does the States of Wisconsin, Iowa, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and Idaho. These, added to the usual St. Paul territory, which reaches from Minnesota's borders to the Pacific Coast, gives the house a mighty field in which to exercise its enterprise. With unexcelled shipping, transporta-



FARWELL, OZMUN, KIRK & CO.—A SECTION OF THE SHIPPING-ROOM.

by Major C. B. Sears. The totals show that 5,466 vessels entered the two ports during 1895, and that they had a net registered tonnage of 5,576,804. These vessels brought in 2,035,465 tons of freight, valued at \$27,443,512, and 5,380 vessels departed with the net registered tonnage of 5,629,678, carrying 4,375,836 tons weight valued at \$68,564,240.

Duluth received 809,125 tons of freight valued at \$17,722,355, and shipped 2,938,945 tons valued at \$29,973,509, the number of vessels being 3,699. Seventeen thousand, eight hundred and fifty-one passengers came to the city and 16,267 went from the city, by way of the lake.

Add the lake port of Two Harbors to Duluth and the total marine tonnage for the head of the lakes would amount to 9,000,000 tons for 1895—about nine-tenths the tonnage of Chicago, and making Duluth the fourth or fifth port in the world.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

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PAYMENT FOR THE NORTHWEST, when sent by mail, should be made by Post-office Money Order, Bank Check or Draft, or an Express Money Order. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCES.—Remember that the publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his magazine stopped. All arrears must be paid. ALL LETTERS should be addressed to

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, MARCH, 1896.

THE NEW IMMIGRATION MOVEMENT.

The new movement to encourage immigration to the Northwest, started by the convention held in St. Paul last November, at which delegations were present from Wisconsin, Minnesota, Manitoba, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, has made rapid progress on the lines of local organization and effort. State conventions have been held in North and South Dakota and Washington, and one is to come off in Montana on March 10. Manitoba has also held a similar gathering. In Minnesota a number of district and county conventions have held successful sessions. Notable among these gatherings in January and February were the congressional district conventions in Duluth and Fergus Falls and the county gatherings at Hinckley, Princeton, Grand Rapids, Warren and Carlton. The method of work adopted at most of these gatherings is simple and direct. A local immigration board undertakes to prepare a broadside sheet or an inexpensive pamphlet setting forth all the facts an intending settler would want to know about climate, soil, crops, prices of lands, timber, streams, transportation lines, educational facilities, social advantages, churches, nationalities of present population, etc. Then all the residents in the county or district are appealed to and asked to send these circulars to old friends and acquaintances in the States or European countries from which they came, with personal letters accompanying them and vouching for the truth of the printed statements. In this way each county or district organized for immigration work is able to set forth its own special peculiarities and advantages and to get this information into the hands of people who may be desirous of seeking new homes in the West, where they have friends already living. The personal letters are regarded as of considerable importance in this method. A man who receives a printed document without

knowing from whom it comes may pay very little attention to it, but if it is enclosed in a letter from some person whom he used to know as a neighbor and who has moved West and is well satisfied with the change, he will be pretty sure to read it carefully. If he has no thought of changing his own location, he will be very likely to hand the letter and document to some one whom he has heard talking of seeking a new home.

The general direction of the entire Northwestern movement is in the hands of Theodore L. Schurmeler, a prominent and public-spirited wholesale merchant of St. Paul, and he is assisted by D. R. McGinnis, who acts as secretary. Mr. McGinnis is an experienced worker in the field of immigration and is now secretary of the St. Paul Commercial Club. Mr. Schurmeler is president of the Northwestern Immigration Board and also of the Minnesota State Association. The executive man of the latter organization is P. B. Groat, until recently general emigration agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Thus far, all the funds for both the State and the general work have been raised by private subscriptions. In Minnesota it is expected that the Legislature, which meets next winter, will assume and carry on the work through an immigration bureau of its own creation, but until then it will be taken care of by men who appreciate its great value to the future development and prosperity of the State.

A CURIOUS FALLACY.

In some parts of the rural districts of Minnesota a curious fallacy has been fostered during the past few years by Populist politicians and has now and then found expression in some country newspaper. According to this singular notion, Minnesota people should discourage the coming into the State of any more settlers who intend to live by farming, for the reason that farm staples are now very cheap and, if more farmers engage in producing them here, they will be still cheaper. "We don't want any more competition in agriculture," say these shortsighted theorists. The fundamental error of their position was forcibly shown by J. J. Hill in a speech made by him last month before an immigration convention held at Princeton. Mr. Hill showed that this error lay in failing to take account of the fact that the seekers for new homes on cheap lands are bound to go somewhere else if they do not come to Minnesota, and that, wherever they go, they will produce grain and other forms of food staples and the surplus over what they consume will help to swell the total surplus of the civilized world, which is what determines prices. And even if these people do not migrate at all, but stay in their old homes, they will still be producing and what they raise will have just as much effect on the price of wheat or of cattle in Liverpool as if they raised it in Minnesota. They will not get off the earth. Somewhere, they will live and till the soil.

If we get a share of these emigrants from thickly-settled regions, however, instead of allowing them all to go to other States, or to the Argentine Republic, or to South Africa, or to Australia, we shall profit by the wealth they will create from their toil, by the help they will give us to pay our taxes, to make our public improvements, to support our schools, churches, benevolent institutions and business enterprises, and by the part they will take in changing sparsely-settled districts into well-settled communities, with the comforts and advantages of a high civilization that cannot be had save in well-populated regions. It is a fact that admits of no dispute, because it has been amply demonstrated by statistics, that the average standard of comfort and general welfare among farmers, including such things as dwellings, stock, implements,

bank accounts, and relative burden of mortgages to total property, makes the best showing in well-settled communities and not in sparsely-settled ones. It is in the densely-populated agricultural districts that you find good roads, steel bridges, handsome county buildings, well-built and commodious school-houses, town-halls for public meetings, numerous church edifices, farm-houses that speak of domestic comfort, substantial barns and stables, small mortgages or no mortgages at all on the farms, and a low rate of taxation. No one can contend that rural Illinois is not a long way advanced beyond its condition when Abraham Lincoln was a young man, or that the farmers of Southern Minnesota are not better off, as a class, than they were in the early years of the settlement of that beautiful region.

Just as Minnesota is a better State for the farmer now that it has a million and a half of people, than it was when it had only half a million, so it will be a still better State for the farmer when it gains a million more inhabitants. Of course, there is a limit beyond which a country may be too densely peopled for the general welfare of its population, and that limit has been passed in some European nations, but we are a long way off from the danger line in Minnesota. The safe rule in this matter is that, so long as a State has considerable areas of untilled fertile lands, that State will be benefitted by an accession of new farming population, and the benefits of immigration will diffuse themselves among all classes of people and will be felt by the farmers as well as by the inhabitants of towns and villages. Men who talk against immigration efforts in Minnesota are proclaiming their own ignorance.

CAN MINNESOTA MANUFACTURE HER IRON ORES.

The iron mines of Minnesota can now turn out five million tons of ore per year. This year the output assigned them by the syndicate of iron interests which met recently in New York, is 4,600,000 tons. None of this ore is now made up into iron or steel within the limits of the State. Some of it goes to Chicago, but the greater part of it goes to the furnaces and mills of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and only a very small fraction of the ultimate value of Minnesota iron remains here at home to increase the total wealth of our people. Most of the mines are now owned by non-residents, and so are the railroads which haul the ore from the pits down to Lake Superior and the vessels in which it is shipped to lower lake ports. About all the advantage that Minnesota gets out of her wonderful deposits of the best Bessemer ore in the world, is a trifling royalty paid such land owners as reside in the State and the wages of the low-priced labor engaged in mining and transporting the ores. Other communities that fashion the ore into ingots of steel, into steel rails, steel beams and trusses, bridge material, tools, nails, chains and a thousand other articles of utility, are growing rich and populous. We furnish the basis of all their multiform industries and they get the lion's share of the profit.

We notice some talk in the newspapers of late about putting a special tax on iron ore shipped out of the State and exempting from taxation all manufacturing concerns that may be started to engage in making iron and steel or their products for a period of years. Such a solution of the problem of how to work up our own ores does not seem to us wise and is of very doubtful constitutionality. A manufactory that could not pay its fair share of taxation would be so weak a concern that it would not last long under the stress of competition with Eastern rivals. As to an export tax on ore, the lawyers would probably find a way to defeat in the courts legislation to that end, in case it should be adopted, on the ground that it would contravene the provision in the

State constitution which requires that "all taxes shall be as nearly equal as may be." We are not likely to get iron and steel works by any process of legislation. If natural economic laws are unfavorable to the success of such works in Minnesota, we shall not get them at all. The problem of establishing such works and carrying them on successfully is not an easy one. The great ironmasters of Pennsylvania and Ohio have decided that the best locality for steel works, under existing conditions, is on the shore of Lake Erie, for the reason that the coal and coke can meet the Lake Superior ores at Lake Erie ports with the greatest economy in transportation, and, also, because of the large number of skilled workmen to be found in Pittsburg, Cleveland and other cities, the moderate cost of living for workmen's families and the large markets to be reached within a radius of a few hundred miles. This conviction has led to the recent erection of two immense steel plants not far from Cleveland.

Mr. James E. Yorke, an experienced furnace man who, in his youth, learned the trade of steel-making in England under the late Henry Bessemer, holds that there are advantages for steel manufacture at the head of Lake Superior which are of sufficient weight to overcome the manifest disadvantage of remoteness from the densely populated regions of the country. He is showing his faith in his theory by erecting a plant at Duluth to make structural steel. He does not claim any advantage, so far as the cost of transportation is concerned, in bringing the Ohio coal up by lake to Duluth and coking it there instead of taking the Minnesota ore down to Cleveland where it meets the coal. What he expects is that he will get so much better freight-rates to points west and southwest of Duluth for his product over the rate from Pittsburg or other Eastern points, that he can sell all the steel he can make in Western markets. His experiment will be watched with much interest. On its success depends much of the future growth which Duluth people confidently predict for their city.

If it should turn out that, on account of the proximity of the Minnesota iron ore beds, Duluth is a better place for the manufacture of steel than the points on the south shore of Lake Erie, where the steel industry is now being centered, and that steel made at Duluth can be shipped to the great Eastern markets by way of the lake route in successful competition with that made in the Lake Erie plants, as well as to all the vast territory of the West conveniently reached by the three great transcontinental railroads that run lines from Duluth, then Duluth will certainly become a larger city than either Minneapolis or St. Paul and will eventually contain at least a half a million of people. If, however, the contrary should turn out to be the fact, and steel-making at Duluth should have to struggle for a footing in Western markets, with no Eastern markets open for its products, Duluth will have to be content with a slow growth, based on the settlement of the forest country which envelops Lake Superior and on the moderate increase in its grain business, its shipping movement, its flour-milling and its lumber trade. These are the cold facts about the future of the Zenith City.

CLIMATE IS NOT CHANGING.

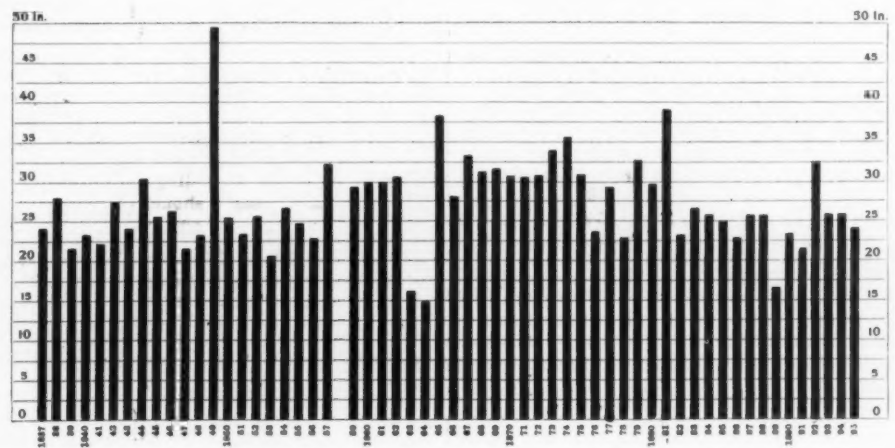
We reproduce from the last annual report of the St. Paul Board of Water Commissioners a diagram showing the precipitation at this city during every year from 1837 to 1895. Our purpose is to show scientifically and conclusively that the popular notion that our climate is changing and that there is less rainfall and snowfall than there was in the early days of settlement in Minnesota, is a fallacy. This notion is based on the drying-up process observable in our small

lakes and on the reduced volume of water which flows in our rivers and creeks. If the reader will study the diagram with a little care he will note that, leaving out one year of phenomenal precipitation, 1849, there has not been any marked difference in any period of ten years contrasted with any previous or subsequent decade. The period of largest precipitation was not in the early part of the record, but was from 1865 to 1875. The years when a total of thirty inches was exceeded were 1844, 1849, 1857, 1862, 1865, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1879, 1881, and 1892. The years of remarkably light precipitation were 1839, 1840, 1841, 1847, 1853, 1863, 1864 and 1889. Wet years and dry years are pretty evenly distributed over the whole recorded period.

It is one thing to observe natural phenomena and quite another to correctly trace them to their causes. People who have lived long enough in Minnesota to remember that there were formerly hundreds of lakes where now are only hay meadows and wet pastures, and that steamboats once navigated streams where now no craft larger than skiffs can go over the shallows at low water, jump to the conclusion that the annual rainfall and snowfall are not so great as in former years. The real cause of the subsidence of lakes and the diminished current of the streams is, as we have formerly said, to be sought in the general cultivation of the country and the consequent ab-

historical study and as a review of such studies, and they have been accepted by a number of colleges as useful help to their regular courses. The author is notably successful in painting the large picture of the growth and inner life of a nation on a small canvas. She finds that the great evolutionary factors in the development of England have been money and religion. It has been, first, she says, the resistance of the people to the extortion of money by the ruling class, and, second, the violation of their religious instincts, that has made nearly all that is vital in English history. The lines upon which the government has been developed to its present constitutional form are chiefly lines of resistance to oppressive enactments in these two matters. The dynastic and military history of England, although picturesque and interesting, is really only a narrative of the external causes which have impeded the nation's growth towards its ideal of "the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number." Published by Wm. Beverley Harrison, New York; price, 75 cents.

The Century Company has done a positive service to the cause of municipal reform by bringing out in two volumes the series of papers, on municipal government in Europe, which have appeared from time to time during the past three years in the *Century Magazine*. One volume



ANNUAL PRECIPITATION AT ST. PAUL, MINN., FROM 1837 TO 1895, INCLUSIVE.

sorption into the soil of the water that formerly ran off into the lakes and rivers. This moisture that formerly found its way to the sea, or settled in thousands of lakes and ponds to evaporate during the warm season, now goes to the making of our crops. It is supplied by the clouds just as copiously as ever. There are groups of years when there appears to be a serious falling off from the general average, but these are offset in the long run by other groups of years when this average is exceeded. It is the Government record of climate that tells the true story, and not the recollections of old settlers. In all parts of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, old men and women will tell you that the climate has changed since they were young. They are always in error. They themselves have changed, but not the orderly course of nature. "The early and the later rains" continue to fall just the same as of old; and the biblical promise that "seed-time and harvest shall not fail in the land," is as applicable to Minnesota as it was to Judea.

LITERATURE.

The latest volume in the "Evolution of Empire" series, by Mrs. Mary Parmele, is entitled "A Brief Historical Sketch of England." These little books serve equally well as a foundation for

is entitled "Municipal Government in Great Britain," and the other "Municipal Government on Continental Europe." These papers were the results of two transatlantic trips made by their author for the express purpose of studying the subjects involved to the greatest possible advantage. They are so comprehensive, so acute in their perception of significant facts and so philosophic in their spirit that a number of the leading English journals, in commenting upon them, have said that Dr. Shaw knows how English and Scotch cities are governed better than most Britons themselves. The appearance of these two volumes is especially timely, from the fact that a large number of American cities are now engaged in grappling with the serious problem of how to improve their local administrations. With their people the questions of the hour are, how to escape from the selfish grip of professional politicians and place-holders—how to reduce expenses without impairing the efficiency of schools, police, fire-service, etc., and how, for the attainment of these ends, to secure a fair consideration of municipal questions by all classes of citizens without having them obscured and confounded with national political strife. There is a great deal to be learned from Dr. Shaw's books, and all workers for better city government should make themselves familiar with their contents.



IN North Dakota the laws authorize county commissioners, on petition of one-third of the voters in any county, to levy a tax of one-fourth of one mill on the dollar for immigration purposes. In several of the counties a movement is on foot to get the necessary number of signatures and thus to provide a portion, at least, of a fund which can be used for printing and other expenses of the new movement to bring in more settlers. Stutsman County, which took the lead in calling for the levy authorized, expects to obtain five hundred dollars from this source and to raise five hundred more by subscriptions. Excellent progress has been made during the past month in the work of forming county immigration associations throughout the State, and at the rate the movement is progressing it seems probable that nearly all the counties will be duly organized, under the directions of the State board, before the first of April.

THE Jamestown *Alert* has shown commendable enterprise in issuing an immigration edition of twenty-four pages containing every important fact concerning the James River Valley, in North Dakota, that an intending settler would want to know. With this paper is folded the eight-page sheet issued by the State Immigration Association, and the entire document may be ranked in the first class of practical, sensible immigration literature. The articles talk plainly and to the point about the advantages of North Dakota for farming, dairying and stock-raising—the cheap and fertile lands, the healthful climate, the excellent transportation facilities, the good public school system, the great home-fuel supply of lignite coal, the nutritious wild grasses, the results of large and small farming, and other topics that appeal directly to the farmer or the farmer's son, in the older portions of the country, who may be thinking of moving out into the new West.

THERE is a good unoccupied field for a new railroad in Minnesota, which will probably be taken possession of by some organization, new or old, as soon as we have another forward movement in our general business conditions. The new road should start from St. Paul and keep a course nearly due north, running first through the center of the county of Anoka, which now has railway facilities only on its extreme western border, along the Mississippi; thence through the county of Isanti, which is a good agricultural section with no railroad at all; thence on north through Kanabec and Aitken counties, skirting the shore of Mille Lac to Grand Rapids, in Itaska County, and so on to Rainy Lake and the Rainy River Valley. The length of the line from St. Paul to some point of Rainy Lake would be 250 miles. At the lake it would reach an extensive system of navigable waters, including the big Lake of the Woods and the newly discovered gold-fields in Canada. Such a road would develop an immense region of unsettled country north of the already well-settled regions of Isanti and Kanabec counties. Much of this new region contains a large amount of excellent arable land, and what land is not good for farming is valuable for the timber it bears. From Rainy Lake the road would eventually be continued westwards for about 150 miles to some point on the Lake of

the Woods, possibly the new town of Koochiching, opposite Fort Francis, Ont. If the road were built at the present low prices of labor and material and were capitalized for its actual cost, it would earn interest on its bonds almost as fast as it could be constructed. The Rainy River Valley is about 125 miles long. It has a soil as rich as that of the Red River Valley and gets about ten inches more of annual precipitation than is received by the latter valley. It is evidently destined to be cleared of its timber and to support a large agricultural population. Minnesota is a far greater State in its area relative to other States and its resources for further development than most of our own people are aware of. Few know of the real character of this valley in the far north

TWO vessels of the whaleback type are now being built in the McDougal ship-yard at Superior. One will be equipped with steam machinery and the other is designed for towing. Both will be used for carrying iron ore to the lower lakes and to bring back return cargoes of coal. The steel ribs and plates used in their construction are brought from the East, the steel-works at Superior that made the material for the earlier whalebacks being so tied up with legal incumbrances that they cannot be put to work to supply this immediate requirement. The two new craft will be an important addition to the whaleback fleet now on the lakes. Their construction is not significant, however, of any new conversion of lake marine interests to the whaleback idea, for they are built under the direction of Capt. McDougal and the money is said to come from the Rockefellers, who are, at the same time, having eight other vessels constructed at Detroit and Cleveland of the generally accepted modern model for large lake carriers. The truth is that Captain McDougal is not much nearer to revolutionizing marine architecture than he was when he launched his first whalebacks. His peculiar craft are unquestionably good, sea-worthy ships for lake freight work, but that they have any superiority over other craft, all things taken into consideration, has not yet been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the great ship-builders of the lakes.

THERE is nothing new under the sun in the way of exceptional seasons. I was talking with Jud LaMoire, of Pembina, North Dakota, on one of those late February days when men were going about the streets without overcoats, about our remarkably mild winter, when he said that he remembered the winter of 1867-68, which was almost exactly like the one just closed. That winter there was no sleighing at Pembina, which is on the extreme northern border of North Dakota, and the Red River broke up about the middle of March, so that steamboating was in full activity the last week of the month. The Red is always the last important river in the United States, except the Yukon, in Alaska, to part with its ice, for the reason that its course is northward into Lake Winnipeg, which sends its waters to Hudson's Bay. Climatologists all tell us that there is no season so peculiar in its departure from ordinary conditions that cannot be paralleled if we go back far enough.

AN interesting monthly periodical which comes to our exchange table from London is called *Natural Food* and is devoted to the propaganda of a new dietetic theory, namely, that it is injurious to eat bread and any starchy vegetables such as potatoes, and that the true nourishment of man should be fruits and nuts. The editors and contributors claim that grains and other starchy foods clog the bowels, deposit mineral substances in the veins and impair the nervous system. A society exists in England to spread the new food gospel. Converts are allowed to eat a little meat until they can accustom them-

selves to nuts as a substitute, but they must at once give up bread, oatmeal, and everything else made from grains. The chief argument for the new theory is that the monkeys, our ancestors, live on fruits and nuts and are healthy; therefore, if we do the same we shall escape disease. But are the monkeys any more healthy than human beings? Are they not, like all highly organized species of animals, subject to most kinds of ailments that afflict mankind? Do they always die of old age or accidents? Do not naturalists find that all life, even to that as low in the scale of organization as vegetable life, is a prey to diseased conditions, which shorten its natural term of existence? These are questions I should want to see answered before giving up my breakfast oatmeal and toast, banishing the toothsome baked potato and condemning the appetizing pancake and the nourishing bread pudding.

EVERY few years a new dietary fad comes up and has its run. The only movement of this kind in my time, that has gained any degree of permanency, was started in the fifties by a man named Graham, whose name is still applied to bread made out of the whole of the wheat berry. When he began advocating this bread the modern milling methods known as gradual reduction had not been invented. The old method saved only the starchy interior of the wheat and rejected, with the bran, the nitrogenous element that lies under the bran husk and is the most nutritious portion of the berry. Graham's theory is not nearly so valuable as it was forty years ago, and some physicians say that the bran, consisting, as it does, mainly of silica, has no nutritive use and is irritating to the digestive organs. I remember well the vegetarian movement in the East, of which Horace Greeley was a distinguished advocate. Greeley got acquainted with the lady who became his wife, at a vegetarian restaurant in New York city where he used to lunch. Some of the vegetarians carried their notions so far as to refuse milk, because it is an animal product, and to abandon salt on the ground that it is a mineral. In our day vegetarianism is mainly practiced by the Theosophists, who claim that we get a subtle influence from every sort of food we put into our stomachs, and that meat-eating makes us partake of the nature of the animals we devour. In order to cultivate their spiritual natures they eat only fruits, grains and vegetables. Dr. Cyrus Edson, the eminent New York physician, is now making a crusade on the potato, which he believes is responsible for much of the dyspepsia prevalent in this country. We Americans eat more potatoes than any people in the world, except the Irish peasantry. On the continent of Europe you are never given potatoes for breakfast and rarely for luncheon. They come upon the table only at dinner, with other vegetables. I once knew a man who ate nothing but dry Graham crackers. He was fairly well when he took up with this fad, but he did not live long.

MY own idea on the question of diet is that every man of adult age and good understanding ought to make the acquaintance of his stomach and learn what kinds of food it can most readily digest and assimilate. Having obtained this information, he should be a rule unto himself and not bother about what doctors may tell him or diet reformers may preach. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," is an old and a very true saying. Some people thrive best on one sort of food and some on another. The stomach is a peculiar organ and appears to have its likes and its prejudices as well as the mind. If you do not relish any kind of food, the safe rule is to let it alone. Eat in moderation what agrees with you, and do not worry about theories and treatises. Above all, a cheerful mind is a better aid to digestion than pills or pepsin.

NORTHWESTERN MEN OF NOTE.

A. B. Clark, of Idaho.

Probably one of the best-known men in Southern Idaho is Mr. A. B. Clark of Mountain Home. Mr. Clark was born on a farm among the rugged hills of Onondaga County, New York, February 7, 1856. Cast upon his own resources at the early age of thirteen, he was forced to make a struggle unknown to the rank and file of boys of tender years. As Mr. Clark once remarked, "No one, who has not had the experience, can appreciate the hardships and the struggles before, and the temptations that surround, a boy who is battling with the trying vicissitudes of life alone and single-handed."

Very early in life Mr. Clark selected Chicago as the place wherein to build his reputation, and there he soon became known as an honorable and promising young man. For several years past, however, he has resided at Mountain Home, having first been tempted by the flattering reports



A. B. CLARK, OF MOUNTAIN HOME, IDAHO.

concerning the beauty and healthfulness of the climate. He is engaged in the delightful work of fruit-growing, and has one of the finest young orchards in the State of Idaho. It comprises standard varieties of apples, prunes, peaches, quinces, plums, pears, apricots, nectarines, mulberries, black-walnuts, hickory-nuts, butter-nuts, chestnuts, etc.

The ranch is surrounded by a row of forest trees—which gives it much the appearance of an oasis in that great, sage-brush desert. That he is thoroughly pleased and satisfied with the country is shown by a remark which he made to a recent visitor, to whom he said, with characteristic enthusiasm, "This is indeed a land of golden opportunities."

But Mr. Clark finds time to devote to other matters as well. He is a prominent Mason, having served as grand-master of Idaho; and, although he never has sought political honors for himself, he is an uncompromising Republican and a very earnest worker in the interests of his party. During the recent Northwestern Immigration Convention, held in St. Paul, Mr. Clark was one of the most prominent and zealous del-

gates, his remarks having been listened to with exceeding interest and carrying great weight. The fact that he is associated with some of the most enterprising citizens of Chicago in developing a large tract of land adjacent to Mountain Home, attests the estimation in which his business qualities are held and indicates his great value to the town and State in which he makes his home.

The Amateur Photographer.

A writer in the New York *Advertiser* begins an article on amateur photography with the words: "The amateur photographer is a person," etc. This, the Butte (Mont.) *Miner* observes, is news to many who have never met the amateur photographer and have been compelled to judge him from his work. From specimens which have reached this office we have been led to believe that he is a cross between a wild boar and a buzzard. The marks which he has left upon the paper have resembled a war between a half-baked idea and chaos. He has left a record of which the wildest Zulu in the world might be proud, but which would never give rise to the impression that he is a "person" in the civilized sense of the term. There are reasons to doubt the assertion of the *Advertiser's* correspondent. Where did he capture the amateur photographer of whom he speaks? What credentials did the animal have to prove his identity? These are questions which the average reader will ask, and, until they are satisfactorily answered, the New Yorker's alleged discovery will be overshadowed by doubt and suspicion.

Comes High, but Will Have It.

A good many Oregon newspapers use "plate" matter to eke out their home print, but few would have the hardihood to talk about it as frankly as does the *Astoria Budget* in this paragraph:

"'Roared Like a Lion,' or 'A Coast Captain's Story of a Remarkable Whale,' can be found on the third page today. Its sensational and full of thrilling incidents. This matter is prepared exclusively for the *Budget* and about 5,000 other country newspapers. It comes under the head of 'scrap-iron literature,' and costs about fifteen cents a column. It comes high, but the *Budget* is bound to have it in order to keep in the lead of its various contemporaries."

Some Eggs are Expensive.

It cost Louis Silverman exactly \$25 for indulging in the luxury of heaving a bird egg in the direction of Herr Ahlwardt, the German anti-Semitic monomaniac. Some eggs come high. But Louis doubtless knew that before.—*Helena (Mont.) Independent*.

'AS OTHERS SEE US.'

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is doing a work of incalculable benefit to the entire Northwest Country.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Avant Courier*.

The February number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is not only up to the high standard of former issues, but excels any we have heretofore read.—*Dickinson (N. D.) Recorder*.

The January issue of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE was the best we have yet seen. This popular journal is doing good work for the Northwest.—*Missoula (Mont.) Fruit Grower*.

I have bound copies of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for over ten years, and do not like to miss a single issue; so please forward me the January number, which I have not yet received.—*E. L. Stone, Baraga, Mich.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is a valuable and interesting publication worthy of a place in every American home, and it is of special value to those who delight in descriptions and illustrations of life and scenes in the great Northwestern part of our country, which embraces the field from St. Paul to Alaska.—*Rainy Lake (Minn.) Journal*.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is a very valuable publication and is doing an immense amount of good in the

upbuilding of the Northwest. It is a credit to the publisher and also to the State of Minnesota.—*Sault Centre (Minn.) Avalanche*.

One of the most readable and enjoyable magazines that finds place on our table each month, and one that has contributed no small quota to the development of this great Northwestern country, is THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.—*Pullman (Wash.) Tribune*.

Secretary P. B. Groat, of the Minnesota State Immigration Association, writes to the publisher of this magazine as follows: "I wish to thank you for the great good your January number has done in promoting settlement in the Northwest. Please accept my best wishes for the success of your valuable magazine."

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A new ground-wood pulp-mill is to be built at once in Park Falls by the Park Falls Paper & Pulp Co. It will have four girders, each operated by ten horizontal wheels, on a separate line, developing 300 horse-power each. There will also be a 150 horse-power wheel for operating the wood-room. Water-power will be used, and the company aims to have the plant in operation by May 1.

The manufactory of the Wisconsin Hoop Company at Marshfield is now completed and turning out hoops at the rate of two car-loads per day. The buildings cover 4,800 square feet of ground, and the entire plant is first-class. It is estimated that 5,000,000 feet of timber will be used annually. The company has a paid-up capital of \$25,000, will give employment to about thirty-five hands, and is certain to prove of great value to Marshfield and the surrounding country.

Minnesota.

Winona has organized a Builders' Exchange.

Montevideo is about to have a large creamery.

Atkin is rejoicing over the proposed new stove-mill.

Lamberton will soon have a new \$15,000 brick school-house.

The Red Lake Reservation will be opened for settlement May 1.

St. Hilaire's new saw-mill will be running before spring. Its capacity will be 60,000 feet per day.

Windom's new electric-light and water plant, costing \$3,000, is completed and pronounced perfect in every respect.

Five residences and two business blocks are reported from Plainview, Minn., as starters on the year's building boom.

Northfield's tow-mill, started last fall, has sold its entire output to Eastern linen mills and has a steady demand for more.

The Wood Harvester Co., St. Paul, will continue manufacturing and will turn out 10,000 to 14,000 new machines this year.

A flouring-mill will at once be built at Freeport, another is contemplated for Murdock, and a 200-barrel mill is about to be constructed at Breckenridge.

Anoka is after a canning and pickling establishment. A building fund has already been raised, and it is probable that a factory company will be organized soon.

Warm as it was, New Ulm had an ice palace last month. The business men's industrial parade contained sixty floats and showed great energy and enterprise.

The Keller Manufacturing Co. at Sauk Centre is hard at work on 1,000 harrows, for spring delivery, and on other agricultural implements. Five traveling salesmen are now on the road and all indications point to a prosperous year.

About \$100,000 will be expended this spring in improving the Ironton Structural Steel Works in Duluth. One improvement will consist of a large thirty-six-inch blooming or beam-mill. The plant will then have a capacity of 150 tons of finished steel product per day.

Over 88,000,000 pounds—more than 4,400 car-loads—of fruit were handled by Minneapolis jobbers in 1895. Strawberries and other small fruits have been brought successfully in car-lots from Washington and Oregon, and the plum and prune-crop of the far Northwest States have almost monopolized this market, their peaches and pears also operating to drive out a good portion of the California crop.

From conservative estimates in the hands of Secretary Rogers of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, the total storing capacity of the Northwest is placed at 100,000,000 bushels of grain. This immense capacity

is so divided that Minneapolis receives the lion's share, due largely to the demands of the city as a primary wheat market and the large amount of grain transformed annually by the flouring-mills.

North Dakota.

North Dakota business men met in convention at Grand Forks, on Feb. 18, and organized a State Business Men's Association.

The Bismarck Tribune says that an estimate of mined lignite sold in the city places it at from 12,000 to 15,000 tons a year. This means about \$30,000 a year to the farmers who haul it, by no means an inconsiderable item.

Grafton—a live town with live newspapers—has just organized a Business Men's Union and will at once reach out after a starch factory, flax-mill, public library and free reading-room, and better telephone service.

The State Dairymen's Association held its second annual convention in Lisbon on Feb. 13 and 14. Great interest in dairying and cheese-making is now being manifested throughout the State, and profitable results are assured for the season of 1896.

The raising of celery, near Jamestown, has developed into an important industry, the product exceeding in quality the well-known Michigan plant. Shipments are made to all the leading cities in the Northwest, and the production is being increased each year.

Dickinson observed Washington's birthday by holding a county immigration convention and by working up a sentiment among the members thereof for a wool warehouse of 7,500,000 pounds capacity and a woolen-mill. Dickinson is a progressive town and can always be found at the front.

Wahpeton, one of the best towns in the State, has just built an elegant Masonic temple at a cost of \$15,000 and is now about to erect a new \$15,000 church. The old Merchants' Hotel, upon which nearly \$15,000 have been spent in improvements, is again open for business and is now one of the finest and most commodious houses in the Northwest.

Hogs are being brought to the Grand Forks packing-house in large numbers. The industry, already one of great importance, is certain to develop into a business of the first magnitude if properly supported by North Dakota farmers. The proprietors are in the market for all the hogs that the State can produce. Here's a chance for the farmers to foster an industry by helping themselves.

J. S. Bartholomew, proprietor of a large apartment block in Fargo, has found by actual experiment that potatoes are an excellent substitute for coal and wood for fuel purposes. He burned potatoes in his furnace and found that thirty bushels equaled in heating value one cord of wood. As the wood cost \$3 per cord, it is evident that the potatoes had a value of ten cents per bushel. As against hard-coal, it is probable that the fuel value of potatoes would equal at least twenty-five cents per bushel. Mr. Bartholomew is satisfied that potatoes can be burned successfully in almost any stove—especially in hard-coal burners.

South Dakota.

J. J. Cross, formerly of New York and an experienced butter and cheese-maker, is about to establish a large cheese factory in Blunt.

It is estimated that the aggregate flow of twenty-four large artesian wells in Brule County exceeds 70,000,000 gallons per twenty-four hours—not including seven more wells that will be completed within thirty days.

South Dakota is thoroughly aroused to the importance of the irrigation movement. A State convention was held at Redfield, March 4, at which noted experts in the science of irrigation were present to expound their views and direct investigation.

Stokes Bros., of Burch, have put down the first artesian well in Marshall County. They have just found water at a depth of 900 feet. The flow is over 2,000 gallons per minute of good, clear water. The well cost about \$2,500, but will prove a good investment.

The Keystone Gold Mining Co. started up its new forty-stamp mill recently and everything worked without a hitch. Twenty of the stamps will be used on Keystone ore and the remaining twenty on custom ore taken from the mines in the Keystone District.

The Holy Terror mill, in the Southern Black Hills made a clean-up recently, after a six-day run, and realized over \$6,000 in gold. The Rapid City Journal says there is no question that this mine will continue

to make large shipments of bullion during the present year and be able to distribute a large amount in dividends among its share-holders.

Montana.

A State immigration convention will be held in Helena on March 10.

The sum of \$47,000 is available for school purposes in Helena for the current year.

The First Chance mines and mill, the property of Drs. Mitchell and Mussigbrod, have been sold to a French syndicate.

Another large vein of coal is reported to have been discovered in the Lower Clarke's Fork Country. The vein is said to be twelve feet wide.

The Benepe-Owenhouse Co., of Bozeman, is packing hogs and getting ready to build a creamery. Bozeman has some good men and is on the right road to prosperity.

Another big strike is reported from the Consolidated Morning Star, one of the rich properties underlying the city of Butte. The vein, two to two and a half feet between walls, is very rich in gold and silver and promises to be of great extent.

A car-load of ore was shipped from the Big Seven mine at Nelhart recently that netted \$22,000. This mine is located near the Benton group and is being managed by E. J. Barker, who, together with D. L. S. Barker, is fortunate enough to own the property.

Asbestos has been found near the top of a mountain between Bennet and Little Rock creeks, near Red Lodge. The fiber is six inches in length, of superior quality, and taken out only a foot from the surface. It is thought that the find will prove to be the parent lead and of great value.

The following Montana mines paid dividends last year: Boston and Montana, \$1,050,000; Elkhorn, \$50,000; Bald Butte, \$120,000; Hecla Consolidated, \$115,000; A. M. & D. Co., \$24,340; Hope, \$10,000; Drum Lummon, \$102,300; Iron Mountain, \$100,000; Montana Ore Purchasing Co., \$160,000; Moulton, \$30,000.

According to the Dillon Examiner, the mining outlook in Beaverhead County has never been so promising as it is at present. The Examiner ventures the prediction that, with the opening of spring, more men will be employed in the different mines of the county than at any other period since the decline in the price of silver. Barring a few exceptions, this renewed activity will not affect silver properties, but Beaverhead County is fortunate in having rich deposits of gold and copper, and many of these will be worked and developed on a very extensive scale.

The Butcher Creek oil fields, twenty miles west of Red Lodge, are attracting considerable attention. The Red Lodge Picket says: "Development work has uncovered a solid mass of asphalt, the thickness of which has not as yet been ascertained. Besides the asphalt, indications point to the existence of petroleum underlying the ground, which would prove of incalculable benefit to Red Lodge if found in quantity. L. A. Doane, who has had many years' experience in the petroleum fields of Pennsylvania, is here from Salt Lake City and is looking over the fields with a view of drilling for oil. If his report is favorable a company will be formed here for the purpose of pushing active development work. Other parties are expected from the East to investigate the asphalt deposit."

John S. Miller, of Helena, has come into possession of a group of promising lodes in the Park District, east of Helena. The group is located five miles from the famous Diamond Hill and is made up of the Park Queen, Prairie Queen, Bullion King, Isabella and Last Chance lodes. The purchase price for the Park Queen was \$16,000, and for the other four claims Mr. Miller is said to have paid \$24,000, or \$40,000 for the group. Three are shipping properties, and all are gold except the Bullion King, which is a silver-lead property. The Park District is coming to the front rapidly as one of the most important in the State. Its mines are not characterized, as a rule, by the richness of their ores, but rather by the permanence of the veins and the large ore bodies. Mining operations have been carried on in the district for many years, but not until the last few years has any large amount of capital been interested in it.

Idaho.

The American Falls Canal & Power Co. proposes to reclaim 66,000 acres of land on Snake River by means of a canal from the Snake River ten miles above Blackfoot.

The Cottonwood Packing Co. is shipping bacon made from wheat-fed hogs to Chicago. "It is reversing the channels of trade," says the Cottonwood Reporter,

"when hog products go from here to Chicago, but there is no better bacon in the world than the product of this company."

The new plant of the Helena and Frisco mine, in the Cœur d'Alenes, which was installed about October 1 of last year, is said to be one of the most complete plants west of the Rocky Mountains. It consists of a compound air and steam-compressor and forty drills.

Properties in the Ruby Creek mining district are coming to the front and will probably make a good showing the coming season. The Silver King, Grey Eagle and other properties show high assays in gold, and mining men speak favorably of the general outlook.

The publishers of the Nezperce News—a brand-new paper that is printed in the brand-new town of Nezperce and in that part of the Reservation district just opened to settlement—inform their readers and the general public, in the first number of their paper, that all mail to that town should be addressed to "Nezperce, Nez Perce Co., Idaho,"—by authority of the U. S. P. O. department. Just why the town and the county should be spelled and capitalized differently, deponent saith not. The town is building up rapidly and settlers are coming into the territory in very satisfactory numbers. It is thought that at least 1,500 will be on their claims by June 1.

Oregon.

Jackson County has five stamp-mills.

The Albany creamery is now filling an order for 1,500 pounds of butter for Alaska.

Oregon's population, according to the State census for 1895, is 362,762—a net gain of 48,995 in five years.

An Oregon lumber firm is sending an agent to Mexico and to Central and South America to learn the prospects for doing business there.

One hundred giant hydraulic plants are reported in operation within a radius of forty miles from Grant's Pass. Placer deposits there are very rich.

The broom factory at Bandon turned out 9,000 broom-handles recently for one shipment to San Francisco. This industry, and the woolen-mills, which resumed operations lately, have raised the population of the town to over 1,200.

Kaolin mines have been discovered at Mosier, in Wasco County, and there is said to be no limit to the amount that can be supplied. The product is worth

\$50 a ton at the mines. Thirty-two tons of it have been shipped to New York and was there pronounced equal to any in any part of the globe.

Work on the construction of the freezing and packing-house at Goble is progressing as rapidly as possible. The machinery is on hand and the establishment will be ready for operation in May.

Washington.

Davenport will have a first-class cheese factory in operation by spring.

Everett's nail-works made a recent shipment of 150 tons of nails to Japan.

An order for 50,000,000 feet of Washington lumber has been received from China.

The contract for the construction of the new State capitol at Olympia has been awarded to a Tacoma man, the contract price being \$822,951.

The salmon pack of 1895 on Puget Sound, Columbia River, and in Alaska and British Columbia, amounted to 2,321,611 cases valued at \$12,543,834, at \$5.36 per case.

Godwin, Northrup, Braslin & Co., seedsmen of Chicago and Minneapolis, have contracted for 2,500 acres of seeds to be grown near Waterville. Last year they used seed from 500 acres in the same locality.

On the strength of an order from a Seattle wholesale house for 100,000 cans of sardines, Joseph Coates will at once put up a sardine factory at Port Townsend. That is the kind of encouragement that encourages.

During 1895 there was shipped from Washington via the Northern Pacific, 4,871 cars of lumber and 8,118 cars of shingles; via the Great Northern, 786 cars of lumber and 4,732 cars of shingles; via Canadian Pacific, five cars of lumber and 906 cars of shingles, making a total of 5,662 cars of lumber and 13,776 cars of shingles. These figures were compiled by the Puget Sound Lumberman and are authentic.

Information has reached the Beaver Leader that large quantities of ochre of different colors may be found in many places on the Dickey River in Clallam County, and that ochre mining could be made a paying investment. Large pieces of the clay may be picked up at almost any point on that river, and there are indications that there is a large vein of ochre in that vicinity which, with proper machinery, might be extracted in sufficiently large quantities to market. The ochre is claimed to be of superior quality and it would command good prices.

Canadian Northwest.

An effort is being made to build reduction works in the Osoyoos District on Kreuger Mountain.

A smelting plant on an extensive scale is in progress of construction at the junction of Trail Creek with the Columbia.

The British Empire Exposition and International Display of All Nations will be held in Montreal, Canada, from May 24 to October 12, 1896.

It is said that the Gold Hill on Granite Mountain, near the Jumbo and in Trail Creek, is showing up well. Considerable work has been done on the property.

According to published reports the R. E. Lee mine has changed hands. Messrs. Stewart, Welch and Lawson are the purchasers, paying therefor the sum of \$35,000.

Another dividend payer has been added to the list of Slocan mines. It is reported that the Ruth is now shipping a good deal of ore, and it recently paid \$6,000 in dividends.

A discovery of gold was made recently in the Birch Hills, about twenty-five miles from Prince Albert. It is said that the deposits are as rich as those in the Black Hills, and that the district abounds in the yellow metal.

The new smelter at Trail has 45,000 tons of \$30 Le Roi rock on hand. Between 100,000 and 150,000 tons of ore, 10,000 cords of wood and \$50,000 worth of coke, is the stock to be kept on hand constantly. The smelter has a daily capacity of 250 tons, and will probably be in operation this month.

The LeRoi mine has produced over 100 tons of ore per day since January 1. There are now on the payroll 125 men at the mine, and fully thirty more getting out wood and timbers. A few weeks ago the company declared a dividend of \$50,000. As the capital stock comprises 500,000 shares, this is a dividend of ten cents per share or of two per cent on the par value of the stock—\$2,500,000. This is the second dividend, the first one having been five cents per share, or \$25,000.

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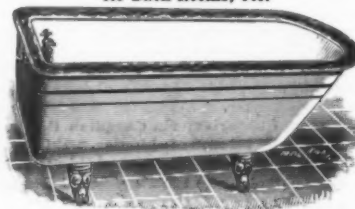
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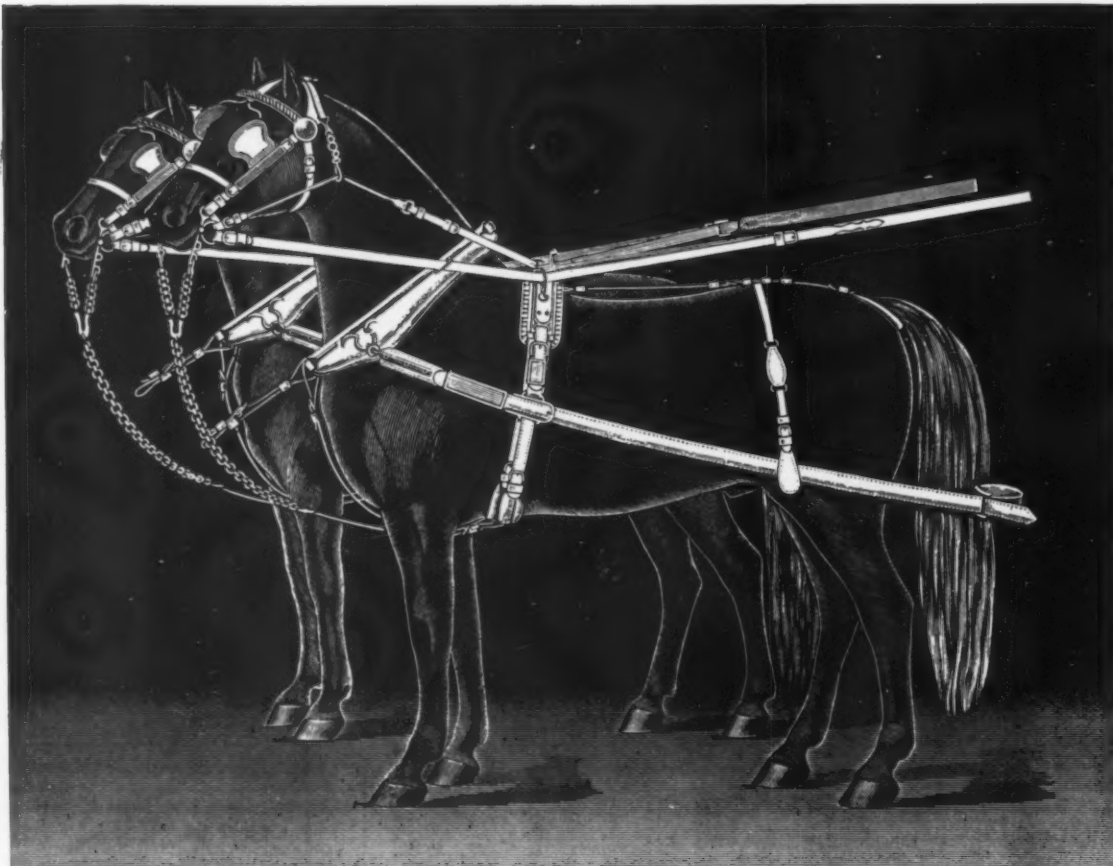
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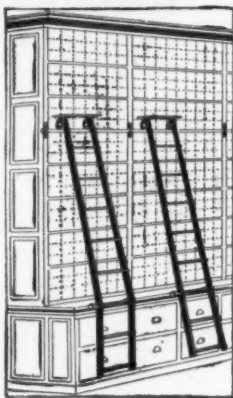
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The old man looked in wonder, and wanted to know how long it took the masts to get to the right height.

"T'ree years," replied his informant. "That ship out there," pointing to the "Mowhan," "has them full-grown." The stranger said something about "the longer we live the more we learn," and wandered off somewhere else.—*Astoria (Or.) Astorian.*

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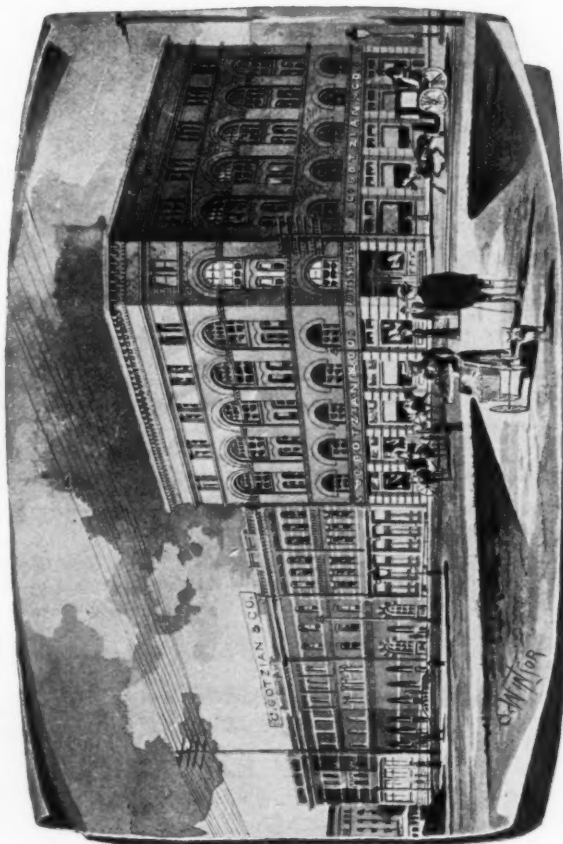
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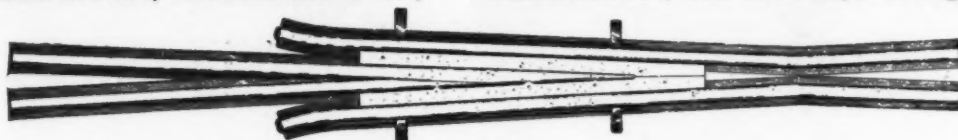
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The WESTINGHOUSE AUTOMATIC BRAKE is now in use on 24,000 engines and 325,000 cars. This includes (with plain brakes) 232,000 freight cars, which is about 25 per cent of the entire freight car equipment of this country, and about 80 per cent of these are engaged in interstate traffic, affording the opportunity of controlling the speed of trains by their use on railways over which they may pass. Orders have been received for 173,000 of the improved quick-action brakes since December, 1887.

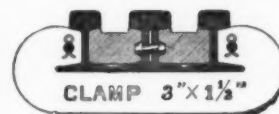
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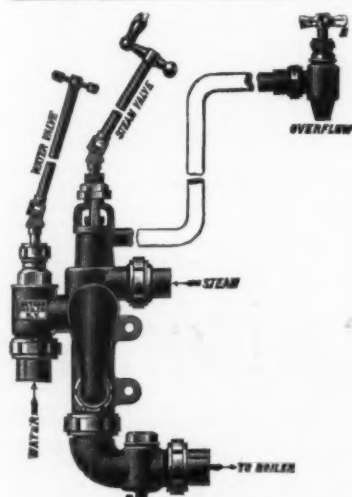
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WARRANTED to make the
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For anything in the way of PRINTING you will find
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Satisfaction guaranteed, or you do not have to accept
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FLOWERS. MENDENHALL, the Florist of the North-
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of Flowers for Weddings, Parties,
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Send for Catalogue. Telegraph orders for funerals
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Mr. D. M. Cobb, of 1034 Union Avenue,
Kansas City, Mo., under date of June 16,
1895, says: "For a number of years I
have suffered from constipation in its
severest form. My liver failing to act
for a week, I have tried any number of
specifics and have also had physicians
prescribe for me, but only received tem-
porary relief. During the early part of
the past winter I had my attention called
to Ripans Tabules by a small sign on a
telegraph pole, which said 'One gives
Relief.' I procured a box and was at
once attracted by the neat form in which
they were put up. Before I had taken
half a dozen doses I began to feel the
good effect, especially from the pain I
would suffer when my liver was trying
to act. I have now taken three boxes
and have no more trouble. My bowels
act regular and free and as a result my
health is much improved.

(Signed) M. D. COBB."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if
the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemi-
cal Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, 10c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE Is Happy, Fruitful Marriage.



Every Man Who Would Know the Grand Truths; the Plain
Facts; the New Discoveries of Medical Science as Ap-
plied to Married Life; Who Would Atone for Past Errors
and Avoid Future Pitfalls, Should Secure the Wonder-
ful Little Book, Called "Complete Manhood, and How
to Attain It."

"Here at last is information from a high medical
source that must work wonders with this generation
of men."

The book fully describes a method by which to attain
full vigor and manly power. A method by which to end
all unnatural drains on the system. To cure nervous-
ness, lack of self-control, despondency, etc. To ex-
change a faded and worn nature for one of brightness,
buoyancy and power. To cure forever effects of excess,
over-work, worry, etc. To give full strength, devel-
opment and tone to every portion and organ of the
body. Age no barrier. Failure impossible. 2,000 re-
ferences. The book is purely medical and scientific, useless
to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men only who need it.
A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon after
wrote:

"Well, I tell you the first day is one I'll never forget.
I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody
and tell them my old self had died yesterday and my
new self was born today. Why didn't you tell me when
I first wrote that I would find it this way?"

Another wrote thus:
"If you dumped a carload of gold at my feet it would
not bring such gladness into my life as your method
has done."

Write to the ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.,
and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MAN-
HOOD." Refer to this paper, and the company prom-
ises to send the book, in sealed envelope, without any
marks, and entirely free, until it is well introduced.

BUY THE LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME



THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

Send TEN cents to 28 Union Sq., N. Y.,
for our prize game, "Blind Luck," and
win a New Home Sewing Machine.

The New Home Sewing Machine Co.

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FOR SALE BY

W. F. ELWESS, 687 Wabasha St., St. Paul, Minn.

Washed with
SOFT EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Money Easy Made by Hustlers.

Dear Editor:—My experience may interest others
who need money. Fifteen years clerking, farming,
hustling, trying to sell books, wringers and every con-
trivance made me discouraged and mad when I met
my cousin in Iowa making \$45 a week, plating table-
ware and jewelry. I got a complete outfit from Gray
& Co., Columbus, O. They send materials, instructions,
receipts, trade secrets and teach the agent, and have
treated me elegantly. I plate gold, silver, nickel and
white metal, get all the knives, forks and other goods
I can plate; make from \$15 to \$75 per week plating and
sell some platers beside. Anyone can get a good
plating outfit by writing them. J. RYAN.

A Five-Quartered Pedigree.

A Pendleton, Or., lady, whose son had been presented
with a thoroughbred dog, has originated a pedigree
for his dogship which cannot be equaled by any dog
fancier in this section. In speaking of this dog to a
group of friends she exclaimed, enthusiastically:
"My boy's dog is a thoroughbred. He is one-quarter
Cocker-spaniel and four-quarters English spaniel." The
roar of laughter that followed this five-quartered
speech would have drowned the loudest bark of that
more than full-blooded dog. This five-quartered dog
is now the talk of the town and the cynosure of all
eyes that are onto the pedigree of "My son's dog."

One Honest Man.

MR. EDITOR: Please inform your readers that if
written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter,
the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored
to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering
from nervous weakness, loss of vitality, lack of
confidence, etc.

I have no scheme to extort money from anyone whom-
soever. I was robbed and swindled by quacks until I
nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank heaven, I am
now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make
this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no
money. Address, JAS. A. HARRIS, Box 313, Delray, Mich.

Gold at Cripple Creek.

The best way to get there is over the Santa Fe route.
This fabulously rich mining district of Colorado is at-
tracting hundreds of people. By spring the rush bids
fair to be enormous. That there is an abundance of
gold there is demonstrated beyond doubt. Fortunes
are being rapidly made. To reach Cripple Creek, take
the Santa Fe route, the only standard gauge line
direct to the camp. Through Pullman sleepers and
chair-cars. The Santa Fe lands you right at the heart
of Cripple Creek. Inquire of nearest ticket agent, or
address C. C. Carpenter, Passenger Agent, 513 Guaranty
Loan Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Nickel Plate.

Smooth roadway, Quick time. Perfect passenger
service. Uniformed train porters for the convenience
of first and second-class patrons. Through sleeping
cars between Chicago, Buffalo, New York and Boston.
Unexcelled dining-car service. No change of cars for
any class of passengers between Chicago and New York
City via the Nickel Plate Road. J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l
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Famous for Purity and Excellence.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited, Dorchester, Mass., the
well-known manufacturers of Breakfast Cocoa and
other cocoa and chocolate preparations, have an ex-
traordinary collection of medals and diplomas award-
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Europe and America. The house has had uninter-
rupted prosperity for nearly a century and a quarter,
and is now not only the oldest but the largest estab-
lishment of the kind on this continent. The high
degree of perfection which the company has attained
in its manufactured products is the result of long
experience combined with an intelligent use of the
new forces which are constantly being introduced to
increase the power and improve the quality of pro-
duction, and cheapen the cost to the consumer.

The full strength and the exquisite natural flavor
of the raw material are preserved unimpaired in all
of Walter Baker & Company's preparations, so that
their products may truly be said to form the standard
for purity and excellence.

In view of the many imitations of the name, labels
and wrappers on their goods, consumers should ask
for and be sure that they get the genuine articles
made at Dorchester, Mass.

Bear in mind that when you need wines and liquors
the place to get them is at Geo. Benz & Sons', 181 E.
4th St. St. Paul, Minn.



THE YAKIMA RIVER, FROM WHICH THE WATER FOR THE SUNNYSIDE CANAL IS TAKEN.

IRRIGATED LANDS for Fruit Growing, Hop Raising and General Farming in the

"SUNNYSIDE COUNTRY"

of the fertile and beautiful

YAKIMA VALLEY in the New State of Washington.

The Yakima Investment Co. has constructed a canal 60 miles long, with a depth of 8 feet, a width at the bottom of 30 feet and a width at the top of the banks of 62½ feet. It covers 80,000 acres of valley land nowhere surpassed for fertility on the globe. The water is taken from the Yakima River and the supply is abundant for all possible demands. The solidity of construction in the dam, headgates and canal insures a regular and permanent supply of water and is a safeguard against breaks and other accidents.

Climate.—The summer climate of the Yakima Valley resembles that of the California valleys, in the length of the growing season, the number of sunny days, the absence of late spring frosts and early fall frosts and the immunity from destructive storms. The winters are short and not at all severe.

Soil.—The soil of the valley is a rich brown loam and is of phenomenal depth. In places where a vertical surface has been exposed along the brink of the second bench, the depth is over eighty feet, and the soil at the bottom is just as rich as that near the top.

Productions.—This is beyond question the best fruit country in the United States for the raising of apples, grapes, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, prunes, berries and melons. It is also a better hop country than the famous hop valleys on Puget Sound, for the reason that the hop louse cannot endure the summer heats and dies before doing any damage to the vines. Old hop yards in the neighborhood of the town of North Yakima have given large and almost uniform yields for ten years. Alfalfa is the forage crop and yields five or six crops a year. Garden vegetables give enormous returns and are profitably grown for the markets of Tacoma and Seattle.

Special Advantages for Fruit Culture.—All the lands under the Sunnyside Canal lie within a few miles of stations on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad; refrigerator cars are furnished and fresh fruit can be put in good condition into the Sound cities on the west, and Spokane on the east, and can be sold in competition with California fruit in all the mining towns and camps of Montana and Idaho, in the towns of North Dakota, South Dakota and Manitoba and in the cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior and Chicago. The Washington growers will monopolize these markets as soon as they can supply them, for the reason that Washington fruit is much better flavored than that of California.

Ten Acres Enough.—A settler who cultivates well, in fruit, vegetables and alfalfa, ten acres of this wonderfully productive Yakima Valley soil, will have all the land he can attend to and will make a good support for a family. With twenty acres he can make a net income of from two to three thousand dollars a year.

Farming by Irrigation.—Irrigation makes the farmer independent of the weather. He applies just the right amount of moisture to his land to secure the largest possible crop returns. No failure of crop is possible. The process is not laborious or expensive. The water is turned on the land two or three times during the growing season.

TERMS OF SALE:

The lands of The Yakima Investment Company are sold with a perpetual water right guaranteeing an ample supply of water for all crops. Prices range from \$45 to \$65 an acre. One-fifth of the purchase price is payable in cash on the signing of the contract. The second payment is not due for two years. Thus the settler has time to make his improvements and realize on his first crop before being called on for the next installment on his land. The remaining payments run through four years. One good crop will pay for the land. The company prefers to sell to actual settlers only in order that the country may be densely settled and brought under a high state of cultivation as rapidly as possible.

For maps, pamphlets and further particulars, address

WALTER N. GRANGER, Manager,
ZILLAH, WASH.

C. H. PRESCOTT, President,
TACOMA, WASH.



TOLD OF PIONEER DAYS.

The old-timers met in solemn conclave in the office of the Overland Hotel, as was their custom on winter evenings, to tell stories. Some of them could draw "the long bow," and others used to keep within the lines of truth. One of the latter spoke one evening and said:

"Did you fellows ever know how 'Four-Jack Bob' received his name? Well, I will tell you. A stranger put in his appearance at Fort Benton several years ago pretty well fixed for ready cash. Bob heard of it and went to Dan Blevins and laid a scheme before him to relieve the stranger of any surplus cash he might have. Dan was pretty slick with cards, and Bob's scheme was to get the stranger in a friendly game of draw, and, when the proper time arrived, Dan was to deal the winning hand to Bob.

"Dan agreed to this and approved of the scheme; and then he went out and hustled up the stranger and laid the scheme before him and put up a cross-job on Bob.

"The game was to take place that night in Mose Solomon's saloon. The stranger was there. Dan and Bob were also on hand. A few hands were played, with indifferent results, and finally, after a deal, Bob



IN GOOD COMPANY.

Miss Bliss—"We expected your friend, the doctor, to dinner, Mr. Idlewild. Is he out of the city?"

Mr. Idlewild—"I think not. I am quite sure I saw him down-town last evening in company with a well-known club-man."

skinned down his cards and bet a modest amount. Dan staid out, and the playing was manipulated by Bob and the stranger. The stranger saw Bob's bet and raised him. Then Bob went back at him, but every time the stranger would raise him. Finally Bob got to the end of his cash and, not liking to give up, went down to Baker's store and made a raise on his freight team and went at it again. Dan got tired by this time and went away. Finally Bob was compelled to call the stranger, and when the hands were laid down the stranger had four kings and Bob four jacks. He swore and grabbed up his gun and tried to find Dan, but Dan had gone to Pueblo Island, or somewhere else, and did not put in an appearance until the next day. By that time Bob had cooled off and no blood was shed, but the stranger divided his winnings with Dan. That is how 'Four-Jack Bob' got his name."

"Where is Bob now?" asked one of the old-timers.

"Well, the last time I saw him he was keeping a saloon or hotel at Medicine Hat, on the Canadian Pacific. The famous game was played many years ago, but Bob was never after known by any other name except 'Four-Jack Bob.'"—*Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review.*

A TALE OF THE LATE JAS. G. FAIR.

Charles Fair, the only male heir to the late James G. Fair, sat in the billiard-room of the Palace Hotel talking to some pioneer friends of his father.

"Do you know, Charley, that a book of reminiscences

of your father would sell like hot cakes? You ought to put the data in the hands of some publisher and let him issue the volume. What do you think about it?"

The son smiled and looked up at the talker, as he replied:

"Why don't you do it?"

"Me do it!" exclaimed the man with the publishing ideas. "I didn't know him."

"Neither did I," answered Charles. "Nobody knew him. I don't think a man ever lived who enjoyed his confidence. I can assure you that he was the same strange man to me that he was to others, and his iron rule to keep his own counsel was never broken.

"Whenever he did fall into a confidential and chatty mood, it was to jest about something or to theorize. I recall a story he once told Alfred E. Davis, his old partner. The story I have in mind was woven into a serious conversation, and he never cracked a smile over it. Before proceeding, however, I must tell you that in the Comstock mines a ladder goes down the side of each shaft, and every twelfth rung is iron, so as to give the whole additional strength. Well, father said to him:

"Davis, do you know I was almost killed once in the Crown Point mine?"

"How was that, Jim?"

"This way. I was looking down the shaft to see if everything was all right, and lost my balance. Being unable to recover myself, I toppled over and fell—yes, Davis, fell. I must have gone about 100 feet when it suddenly struck me that if I didn't begin doing something pretty quick I would go clear through to hades, so I reached out and grabbed a rung of the ladder. It broke, and I grabbed the next. That broke, too, but I

reached for the third, which also gave way, and the next, and the next, and so on. But it broke my fall, and in about five minutes I reached the bottom—a little jarred up, but perfectly sound."

"Davis looked at him out of the corners of his eyes a few seconds, and said:

"What did you do, Jim, when you came to the twelfth rung? Did you grasp at that, too?"

"Why, I missed it. Do you think I wanted to smash everything that was in the mine?"

When Charles finished his story he was laughing more heartily than any one else in the crowd, and could not be prevailed upon to recall anything more that had come from the lips of his famous financial father. —*San Francisco Call.*

A DEPRAVED MULE.

One of the brightest Virginia women in this city has a fund of anecdote illustrative of life among the Old Dominion darkeys that is not surpassed by Thomas Nelson Page himself. She was telling the other night of a young mule that had been shipped on a freight train to a farmer in Fauquier County. A tag had been securely tied around his neck with a rope, with shipping directions thereon, but in the course of his journey the mule's hunger and natural depravity had tempted him to chew up both tag and rope. This gave the darkey brakeman great concern. He hurried to the caboose and saw the conductor.

"Mars George," he cried, "fo Gawd whar yo' specks to put off dat colt? 'E done eat up whar 'e gwine to!" —*Pendleton (Or.) East Oregonian.*

WAS A MOUNTAIN BUILDER.

When the Jefferson County delegation to the recent Washington Immigration Convention met to select its representative on the general committee, somebody suggested the name of Joe Kuhn.

"Joe Kuhn? Who is he?" shouted some recent immigrant.

"Why, don't you know Joe Kuhn? He has been here a hundred years," was the response; and then, in a burst of rhyme, the speaker continued:

"He knew the spot where Rainier stands

Before that mountain grew;

In fact, he helped to build it up

By adding a rock or two."

It is needless to say that Kuhn's name was immediately considered. —*Seattle (Wash.) Times.*

.....Scott's Emulsion

Will Cure A Stubborn Cough

when ordinary specifics fail. It restores strength to the weakened organs and gives the system the force needed to throw off the disease.

50c. and \$1.00 at all druggists.

SECURITY
Merchants and Professional Men's
SECURITY AGREEMENT AND
USEFUL BOOK OF CONTRACT FORMS
COPYRIGHTED IN CANADA U.S. & EUROPE
A BOON
ESTABLISHED 1890.
MERCHANTS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN BY THE USE OF ABOVE, CAN SELL THEIR GOODS ON CREDIT WITH ABSOLUTE SECURITY. PRONOUNCED LEGAL AND BINDING BY ONE OF THE LEADING LAW FIRMS IN THE STATE OF MINNESOTA, WHEN DULY EXECUTED. FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS
D. J. CURRY,
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE STATES OF MINNESOTA, NORTH AND SOUTH DAKOTA.
AMERICAN TERRACE BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
MERCHANTS: THIS BOOK IS A MERCHANTS' AGENT, COLLECTOR AND LAWYER COMBINED. SEE IT.

A Pure, Palatable Old Whiskey for Your Home.
Uncle Sam's Monogram Whiskey
Sold by druggists, dealers or
GEO. BENZ & SONS.,
ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS.

NORTHERN MINNESOTA FARM LANDS.

The attention of home-seekers is called to the excellent agricultural lands in Northern Minnesota offered at low prices to settlers. These lands are near towns and railroads. Some of these lands are lightly timbered with hardwood; others are open prairie; others are part prairie and part timbered. Soil and climate are well adapted for general farming, stock-raising and dairying. The country is well-watered and attractive and a peculiar feature is the large number of small lakes abounding in fish.

OTTER TAIL COUNTY.

Best agricultural county in Minn. (Called the Park Region.) Half is rich prairie; balance timber and fine lakes. We offer large amount of land on crop-payment plan or railroad terms. Prices low. 250 school districts. Climate healthful; water pure; crops never fail.
LAKE & LOWRY, Land Ag'ts, Fergus Falls, Minn.

KLUZAK & FURMAN,

Local Correspondents,
Land Department St. P. & D. R. R.
BEROUN, PINE COUNTY, MINN.

CHEAP HOMES.

I have a large tract of WILD or UNIMPROVED HARDWOOD LANDS at \$5.00 per acre; railroad and other lands especially adapted to dairying purposes, and also IMPROVED FARMS at moderate prices.
HENRY J. RATH, Clerk of Court, Pine Co., Pine City, Minn.

CHEAP HOMES.

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Offers for sale a large amount of good land in Northern Minnesota adapted for general farming. Some of it is prairie, some is part prairie and part hardwood land, and some is timbered with pine and hardwood. Low prices and easy terms of payment. For maps and information address
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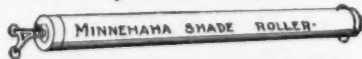
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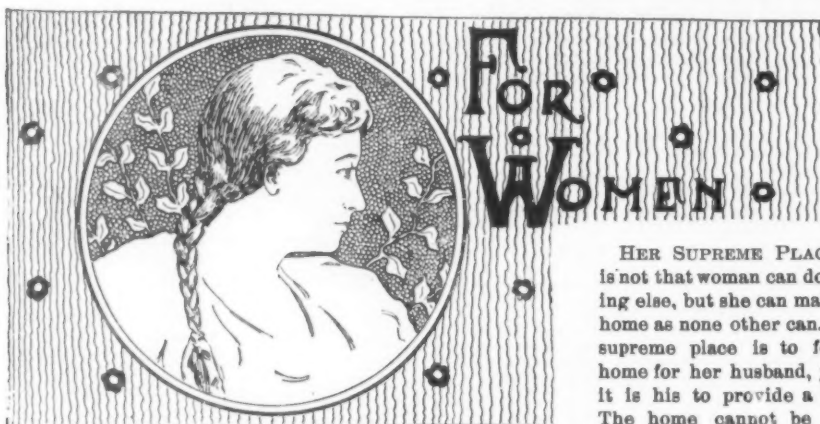
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GOOD THING TO KNOW.—Rounds of felt placed between the different pieces of a dinner-set keep them from becoming scratched more effectually than do pieces of tissue paper.

SLATES AND SLATE-PENCILS INJURIOUS.—The use of slates and slate-pencils is to be discontinued at the Bismarck, N. D., schools, on the grounds that their use is filthy, injurious to eyesight and a means of spreading disease. Lead-pencils and paper will be substituted.

AN AID TO HARMONY.—A rather dark, somber carpet will be found best to go with a room which is very full of furniture, as it gives a certain solidity and tone to the room, and controls and brings into harmony what might otherwise be inharmonious items.

HOW TO POLISH MIRRORS.—The really best method of cleaning mirrors and windows is to rub them with a paste of whiting and water. When this dries, polish with dry chamols and remove the powder. A little alcohol in cold water also gives a brilliant polish. Soap-suds should never be used.

IS DEVELOPING HER PHYSICAL POWERS.—According to one writer, men will have to "watch out" if they do not mean to grow physically inferior to women. He says: "It is probable that no year ever witnessed such a general tendency on the part of women to avail themselves of every opportunity for out-door exercise. The result is that the coming generation of women bids fair to show points of physical development that will surpass the sex that has always enjoyed a monopoly of brawn."

LET WORRY GO.—The habit of worrying, so common among women, leads the Fargo (N. D.) *Sun* to exclaim: "For heaven's sake be thankful for today's dinner and enjoy it. Let tomorrow's dinner rest in the hands of the gods; they'll be sure to wheel everything into line if you trust them. Do your duty. Grasp your end of the line and pull. Accomplish all you can, and never fret. When Providence sees such a woman on the road, Providence is sure to harness up and meet her half-way with a two-seated surrey and a lap-robe."

WHAT "SAVOIR-FAIRE" MEANS.—The terms *savoir-faire* and *tact* are not synonymous, although their meanings are often confounded. *Savoir faire*, is the knowledge what to do; *tact* is the instinct what to do. Therein lies the difference. *Savoir-faire* may be cultivated, *tact* is innate. *Savoir-faire* means that the possessor is well versed in the deepest social lore; but the tactful impulse comes from the heart, and thus it is that *savoir-faire* can never hope to approach *tact*. Happy the individual who unites both. Such a combination makes a social strength that is immeasurable.

HER SUPREME PLACE.—It is not that woman can do nothing else, but she can make the home as none other can. Her supreme place is to form a home for her husband, just as it is his to provide a home. The home cannot be made without her, and, as she makes the home, the home seeks her. It is her throne. The woman who is ambitious may win success in a career, but she who seeks happiness, can find it in but one place—a home.

MUST CHANGE WATER FOR CUT FLOWERS.—If you have a bouquet of flowers standing in a room, make it a point to change the water on them several times a day. The water is apt to become very offensive, and, unless changed often, the decay of the stems will breed sickness.

WOMEN THEMSELVES MUST ACT.—An eminent Eastern divine says: "We have come to the point where the good women of the country should come forward and stand firmly against our present free and easy divorce system, and insist upon more stringent laws in the interest of social purity and of home. In this way only can they advance the cause of their sex, in all its noble bearings, toward deserved success."

TRADE IN HUMAN HAIR.—The trade in human hair is once more on the increase, and dealers keep a sharp lookout for opportunities to buy. Most of the hair sold in this country is imported from Europe, where it is obtained from peasant girls who are willing to sell their tresses. It frequently happens that the hair is cut from corpses, but this is of less value than what is generally called "living hair"—that is to say, hair cut from living persons.

A HINT ABOUT SHOES.—When, without over-shoes, you are caught in the rain, carefully remove all surface water and mud from the shoes and then, while still wet, rub them well with kerosene oil on the furry side of cotton flannel. Set them aside until partially dry, then again apply the kerosene. They may then be deposited in a moderately warm place and left to dry gradually and thoroughly. Before applying French kid dressing, give them a final rubbing with the flannel, still slightly dampened with kerosene, and the boots will be soft and flexible as new kid and be very little affected by their bath in the rain.

THE EARNEST WOMAN BEST.—"When I see the self-sacrifice and patient endurance of delicate girls living honorable lives in miserable tenements, says a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, I believe in the divinity of humanity. The amazement of society ought to be not at the debasement of the few, but at the heroic virtue of the many. Women alone can help women. Let false social barriers be removed, and the lack of thoroughness will not long be a crying evil. A woman is none the less womanly for being a good worker. No one can excel who is not in earnest. Does not the earnest woman make the best sister, daughter, lover, wife and mother, as well as the best artist and artisan?"

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North Dakota offers excellent opportunities for new settlers to engage in diversified farming. Climate and soil are well adapted for wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, flax, potatoes, millet and hay. Land is very cheap. It is a peculiarly healthy country. The population of the State is only about 200,000, and at least a million people can be supported in comfort on the soil. The farms advertised below are recommended by this magazine as responsible. They solicit correspondence from intending settlers.

ALL kinds of grain are grown in North Dakota. Past records are invincible. The crops of 1895 only repeat and emphasize the story of fertility and boundless productiveness. Land values are sure to rise, and this is the time to buy.

STOP off at Devils Lake, N. D. If you want to buy a farm on crop payments on easy terms. NOW is the time to get a cheap farm home in the center of the "World's Bread Basket." Write A. M. POWELL, the Land Rustler of Devils Lake, N. D. He can suit you in location, price and terms. The early spring birds will bring higher prices for farms in Ramsey County.

ADOLPHE BESSIE, County Justice of the Peace. DANIEL BESSIE. Established, 1884. ADOLPHE BESSIE & SON, Real Estate, Loans and Investment Brokers. Improved and unimproved farms in the Red River Valley a specialty. WABPETON, N. DAK.

TWO HUNDRED IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE OR RENT in Wells and Eddy Counties, on easy cash terms or on crop payment plan. Also unimproved Farm Lands very cheap. Write for prices and terms to F. E. OWEN, State Bank, New Rockford, N. Dak. Collections for non-residents attended to promptly.

BEISEKER, DAVIDSON & CO., Immigration Agents, Carrington, N. Dak. T. L. BEISEKER, Pres. Wells County Bank, Sykeston, N. D. C. H. DAVIDSON, JR., Pres. Carrington State Bank. Ag'ts in N. Dak. of the Sykes Estate of England. 100,000 acres of Farm Lands for sale in Wells, Foster and adjoining counties, North Dakota.

A LINE sent to any reliable dealer in Farm Lands and other realty, will bring full information respecting all such properties in North Dakota. See advertisements on this page.

J. L. RICHMOND & SON, Established 1884. MINNEAPOLIS, N. DAK. Farm Lands and Loans. Write us.

FOR prices on choice Farm and Grazing Lands, in the great Pomona Valley, LaMoure Co., address EDGELEY LAND INV. CO., Edgeley, N. D.

90,000 acres choice wild lands and improved farms in Steele Co. Cash or crop payment plan. Cor. invited. M. B. CASSELL & CO, Sherbrooke, N. D.

BARNES COUNTY. REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND COLLECTIONS. I have on my books a large list of the finest farms in the State; also 300,000 acres unimproved Barnes Co. land. Correspondence solicited. JOS. J. BARCLAY, Valley City, N. Dak.

IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED FARM LANDS FOR SALE, ON CROP PAYMENT PLAN. Also N. P. R. R. Co.'s cheap Wild Lands, a very choice and cheap list. Call on me before purchasing. WM. GLASS, Cooperstown, N. Dak.

THERE is every indication that there will be a greatly increased demand for North Dakota lands next year. It is a good time for intending settlers to inform themselves relative to values, locations, etc.

I HAVE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND, improved and unimproved, for sale or rent on most favorable terms as to price and time of payment, situated in Central North Dakota. Address or call on B. S. RUSSELL, Jamestown, N. Dak.

WELLS & DICKEY COMPANY, Established 1884. Offer for sale and to rent IMPROVED FARMS in every county in the James River Valley, ON CROP PAYMENT PLAN. Write for full list of lands, with prices. JAMESTOWN, N. DAK.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO GET GOOD CHEAP LANDS. If you want a Farm, improved or unimproved, large or small, I can suit you. My terms and prices are within the reach of all. For full information write me. THOS. J. BAIRD, Lakota, Nelson Co., N. Dak.

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RED RIVER VALLEY FARM LANDS,

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Call upon or address

J. B. FOLSOM

617 Front St. Fargo, N. D.



The man who wears rubber boots has no music in his sole.

The wonderful cheek of man sometimes covers three or four achers.

Noah was the first electrician; he made the ark light on Mt. Ararat.

"When I was your age I never told a lie, Tommy."
"When did you begin, auntie?"

There is nothing that will make a woman stand before a looking-glass so long as her sunburnt nose.

The single eyeglass is worn by the dude. The theory is that he can see more with one eye than he can comprehend.

Lady Patient—"Doctor, what do you do when you burn your mouth with hot coffee?"
Doctor—"Swear."

A fowl fancier has a new breed of hens and wants a name for them. We suggest "Macduff," that is, if they will lay on.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*



ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Conductor (to boy who has been waving jacket)—"Well, my boy, what is the matter?"

Boy—"Why, I lost a cent and didn't want to be run over while looking for it."

The harder the times, the more persistent the "Truly Good" are in raising money for heathens who do not need it.—*Thomas Cat.*

"I never destroy a receipted bill, do you?" said Bunting to Gilley.

"I don't think I ever saw one," said Gilley.

"Now, pupils," said the teacher, "how many months have twenty-eight days?"

"All of them, teacher," replied the boy on the front seat.

He—"Shall we try the tricycle or the buggy, this morning?"

She—"Either, George; I'm yours for wheel or for whoa!"

"Och, now! an' phwat are eggs today, Mister Doolan?" asked Paddy, entering the grocer's shop.

"Eggs are eggs today," replied the shop-man, "looking triumphantly at two or three lady customers, who smiled sweetly.

"Sure and I'm mighty glad to hear it! The last eggs I had from here were nearly chickens."

Smither—"What on earth made Brownkins and Jonesley so sick today?"
Rinktums—"Drinking each other's health last night."

Dudeley—"What are you going to be when you grow up, Bobby?"

Bobby—"I'm going to be a man. What are you going to be?"

First Belle—"Why did you refuse young Stingy-man?"

Second Belle—"He asked me to walk through life with him."

Wickars—"They tell me, professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues."

Professor Polyglot—"All but two: my wife's and her mother's."

"Show me your tongue," the doctor said,

"Before your ills I heal."

Quoth Brown, "No use; no tongue can tell

How deuced bad I feel."

An Irishman and a Frenchman were one day having a dispute over the nationality of a friend. "I say," said the Frenchman, "that if he was born in France he is a Frenchman." "Begorra," said Pat, "if a cat should have kittens in an oven, would you call them biscuits?"

LOVE VS. PILLS.—"Only one more, George; only one more!" she whispered fondly, as she clung about his neck like ivy around a stump. The man flushed scarlet and in vain attempted to put her from him.

"Please, George! Oh! as you love me, George, only one more!" "No!" he cried, hoarsely, wrestling himself from her convulsive embrace. "Sooner than take another of those pills I'll sue for a divorce!"

Mrs. Soakleigh (sternly)—"Will you kindly explain to me, sir, how you can come home in such a condition?"

Mr. Soakleigh—"Tishn't neshary. One demonsthrashion'sh worth dozen exshpl'nationsh. I'm here."

Lushington (who has fallen asleep against a lamp-post and has buttoned his overcoat around it)—"Lem mego! I tell you. If you're a lady, thish conduct ish wrong; if you're a thief, I haven't a cent; so, lem me go."

Friend (coming up as an unfortunate skater crawls out of the icy water)—"What's the matter; did you break into an air-hole?"

Unfortunate Skater (angrily, through his chattering teeth)—"Air-hole be hanged! Do I look as if I had broken into a hole full of air?"

ROUGH ON DAD.—"A good story is told of a busy man who leaves his home early in the morning and gets

back after dark, rarely seeing his children. One morning he found that his little boy had got up before him and was playing on the sidewalk. He told the child to go in. The child wouldn't. He cuffed him and went to business. The child went in, crying. The mother said: "What's the matter?" "Man hit me," said the youngster. "What man?" The man that stays here Sundays!"

"Madam," said Perry Patettie, in his saurvest manner, "have you got an old pair of pants you could gimme? Men's pants," he added, hastily, as a second thought struck him.

"Yes, Harold," she sobbed, "I am disinherited; but you must take heart."

"No," replied the haughty youth, "I'm out for the stuff. Heart? Niti!"

"Aha!" gurgled old Farmer Furrow, smacking his lips with great gusto; "apple-jack is great for malaria!"

"But you haven't got malaria," said his good wife. "Peradventure not, my dear; but I've got apple-jack, and, by gosh, I'm goin' to get rid of it!"

MINNESOTA FARM AND TIMBER-LANDS.

MINNESOTA PRAIRIE and TIMBER-LANDS.

If you want to BUY or SELL

PRAIRIE or TIMBER-LANDS, or Improved Farms anywhere in the State of Minnesota;

If you have

LARGE or SMALL TRACTS TO DISPOSE OF,

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WASHINGTON FARM LANDS.

Farm Lands for Sale.

CHENEY is one of the best-located sections in Eastern Washington for diversified farming.

Here we have a good market, two railroads, fine schools and churches, a delightful climate, and here you can raise splendid fruit and big crops of all kinds and cereals without irrigation. If you want to raise wheat or follow diversified farming, this is the place. I have several improved farms here that I can sell at a bargain.

I have also, at the town of Mondovi, not far from Cheney, on the N. P. R. R., a 160-acre tract of improved land (4 1/2 miles from the town), with a log house of three rooms, and a good stable, for \$1,400 on long time.

I have another improved farm of 160 acres adjoining the townsite of Mondovi, all cultivated and in wheat this year, for \$2,000 on long time.

I have also 1,330 acres near the town, all fenced, with two houses, two barns, an orchard and two small lakes, two springs, and 1,000 acres cultivated in wheat this year. This is a fine place for dairying, wheat raising or hog raising, and I will sell it for \$12 per acre on long time, with a small payment down.

I have other good farms in the Palouse and Big Bend countries.

R. A. HUTCHINSON,
Cheney, Wash.

Come to Eastern Washington

AND BUY A FARM

In a climate as mild as that of Virginia.

Where the rich soil needs no irrigation, where apples thrive and wheat yields thirty bushels to the acre, and where there are towns, railroads, schools and churches.

CHENEY is in the center of the best agricultural belt in Washington.

Write to **D. F. Percival & Co., Cheney, Wash.**

for special bargains in improved farm lands.

A FEW SAMPLES.—640 acres, four miles from Cheney, good buildings and fences; price \$7,680. Very good for dividing into small fruit farms. Also several thousand acres of improved farms in the Palouse and Big Bend countries, at from \$10 to \$20 per acre.

Write for information.

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The Delicious Food Fishes

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THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Salmon, Halibut, Cod, Black Cod, Herring and Smelts

Are shipped in ice in refrigerator cars to all the towns of Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, North and South Dakota and Minnesota, and arrive in just as good condition as when taken from the water. They are also shipped in car load lots to Chicago, New York, Boston and other Eastern cities.

Order them from the
NORTH PACIFIC FISH CO.,
TACOMA, WASH.

Northern Pacific Railroad Lands.

The Land Department of the Northern Pacific Railroad

is now offering for sale at extremely low prices, and on easy terms,
a large quantity of highly productive and choice

AGRICULTURAL LANDS.

These lands are located in the States of

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CENTRAL MINNESOTA range from \$3 to \$6 per acre.

IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY IN MINNESOTA, from \$4 to \$10
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For actual settlement these lands are being sold on **TEN YEARS' TIME**;
one-tenth cash, and the balance in ten equal annual installments with interest
at the rate of six per cent per annum, payable annually.

Excellent Grazing Lands in Montana and North Dakota
at prices ranging from 75 cents to \$2.50 per acre.

For prices and terms of sale of lands in Minnesota, North Dakota and
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E. KOPPER, Acting Eastern Agt., ST. PAUL, MINN.

For prices and terms of sale of lands in Idaho, Washington and Oregon,
address

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